6.d

THE PARADYSE

of daynty deuiſes,

aptly furniſhed, with ſundry pithie and learned inuentions: deuiſed and written for the moſt part, by M. Edwards, ſometimes of her Maieſties Chappel: the reſt, by ſundry learned Gentlemen, both of honor, and woorſhippe.

viz.

S. Barnarde. — Iaſper Heyvvood.
E. O. — F. K.
L. Vaux. — M. Bevve.
3 D.S. — R. Hill.
M. Yloop, vvith others.

IMPRINTED AT LON-
don by Henry Diſle, dwellyng in
Paules Churchyard, at the South weſt dooze
of Saint Paules Church, and are there
to be ſolde.

1576.

CHERCHE
IE · NE · Q'VNE

TO THE RIGHT HONO-
rable Syr Henry Compton Knight,
Lorde Compton, of Compton.

RIGHT HONORABLE, and my very good Lord, (presuming vppon your curtesy) I am bolde to present vnto your honor, this small volume: Entituled, The Paradise of deynty deuises, being penned by diuers learned Gentlemen, and collected togeather, through the trauell of one, both of woorship and credite, for his priuate vse: who not long since departed this lyfe, which when I had perused ouer, not with out the aduise of sundry my freendes, I determined by theyr good motion, to set them in print, who thervnto greatly perswaded me, with these and like woordes: The wryters of them, were both of honor and worship: besides that, our owne countrey men, and such as for theyr learnyng and grauitie, might be accounted of a-

mong the wiſeſt. Furthermore, the ditties both pithy and pleaſant, aſwell for the inuention as meter, and wyll yeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are ſo aptly made to be ſet to any ſong in .5. partes, or ſong to inſtrument. Which wel conſydering, I purpoſed not to forſake ſo good an occaſion, beſeeching your honor to accept it in good part, cheefely for the auctthours ſake: who though ſome of them are departed this lyfe, yet theyr woorthy doings ſhall continue for euer: for like as the ſhadow foloweth the body, ſo praiſe foloweth vertue: and as the ſhadow goeth ſomtimes before, and ſometimes behind, ſo doth praiſe alſo to vertue: but the later it commeth, the greater it is, and to be the better eſteemed. Thus fearing to offende your honor with theſe my rude ſpeaches, I end, wiſhing your L. many yeres of ioy.

Your good Lordſhips wholy to commaund,

H. D.

THE TRANSLATION
of the bleſsed Saint Barnards
verſes, conteynyng the vnſtable felicitie of this wayfaring worlde.

CVR mundus militat, ſub vana gloria, cuius proſperitas eſt tranſitoria?
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia, quam vaſa figuli, quæ ſunt fragilia.

WHY dooth eache ſtate apply it ſelfe to worldly prayſe?
And vndertake ſuch toyle, to heape vp honours gayne:
Whoſe ſeate, though ſeeming ſure, on fickle fortune ſtayes,
Whoſe giftes were neuer proued, perpetuall to remayne.
But euen as earthen pot, with euery fillip fayles,
So fortunes fauour flittes, and fame with honour quayles.

Plus crede litteris, ſcriptis in glacie, quam mundi fragilis, vanæ fallaciæ.
Fallax in premijs, virtutis ſpecie, quæ nunquam habuit, tempus fiduciæ.

Thinke rather firme to finde, a figure grauen in Iſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance ſubiect is, to heate of ſhinyng ſunne:
Then hope for ſtedfaſt ſtay, in wanton worldes deuiſe,
Whoſe fained fond delightes, from falſheds forge doo come.
And vnder Vertues veyle, are largely dealt about,
Deceiuing thoſe, who thinke their date wyll neuer out.

Magis credendũ eſt viris fallacibus, quam mundi miſeris proſperitatibus.
Falſis inſanijs & voluptatibus, falſis quoquæ ſtudijs & vanitatibus.

The triſeling tructhles tongue, of rumours lying lippes,
Deſerues more truſt, then dooth the higheſt happy hap:
That world to worldlinges geues, for ſee how honour ſlippes,
To foolliſhe fond conceptes, to pleaſures poyſoned ſap.
To ſtudyes falſe in proofe, to artes applyed to gayne,
To fickle fancies topes, which wyſedome deemeth vayne.

Die vbi

S. Barnards verses.

Dic vbi Salomon, olim tam nobilis? vel vbi Samson est, lux inuincibilis?
Vel dulcis Ionathas, multũ amabilis? vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis?

Where is the sacred king, that Salomon the wyse?
Whose wysdome, former time, of duetie did commend:
Where is that Samson strong, that monstrous man in syze?
Whose forced arme, dyd cause the mighty pillers bend.
Where is the peareles Prince, the freendly Jonathas?
Or Absolon, whose shape and fauour did surpasse.

Quo Cæsar abijt, celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in prandio.
Dic vbi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio.

Where is that Cæsar nowe, whose hygh renowmed fame,
Of sundry conquestes wonne, throughout the world did sound?
Or *Dives* riche in store, and rich in richely name,
Whose chest with gold and dishe, with dayntics did abound.
Where is the passing grace, of *Tullies* pleding skill?
Or *Aristotles* vayne, whose penne had witte and wyll.

O esca vermium, ò massa pulueris, ò vos, ò vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus vtrum eras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris.

O foode of filthy wormme, oh lumpe of lothsome clay,
O life full like the deawe, which morning sunne dooth waste:
O shadowe vayne, whose shape with sunne dooth shrinke away,
Why gloryest thou so much, in honour to be plaste?
Sith that no certayne houre, of life thou dost enioy,
Most fyt it were, thy tyme in goodnesse to employ.

Quam breue festũ est, hæc mũdi gloria, vt vmbra hominũ, sic eius gaudia,
Quæ semper subtrahit æterna præmia, & ducunt hominũ, ad dura deuia.

How shyt a banquet seemes the pompe of high renowme?
How like the senseles shape, of shiuering shadowe thinne?
Are wanton worldly toyes, whose pleasure plucketh downe,
Our harts from hope, & hands from workes, which heauen should win.

And

S. Barnards verſes.

And takes vs from the trod, which guides to endles gayne,
And ſets vs in the way, that leades to laſtyng payne.

Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, ſacris in litteris, flos fœni dicitur.
Vt leue folium, quod vento rapitur, ſic vita hominem, hac vita tollitur.

The pompe of worldly prayſe, which worldlinges hold ſo deere,
In holy ſacred bookes, is likened to a flowre:
Whoſe date dooth not conteyne, a weeke, a moonth, or yeere,
But ſpringing nowe, dooth fade againe within an houre.
And as the lightest leafe, with winde about is throwne,
So lyght is lyfe of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

Finis. My Lucke is loſſe.

Beware of had I wyſt.

BEware of had I wyſt, whoſe fine bringes care and ſmart,
Eſteeme of all as they deſerue, and deeme as deem'd thou art:
So ſhall thy perfect freend, enioy his hoped hyre,
And faythleſſe fawning foe, ſhall miſſe the effect of his deſyre.
Good wyll ſhall haue his gayne, and hate ſhal heape deſpite,
A faythleſſe freend ſhall finde diſtruſt, and loue ſhall reape delight.
Thy ſelfe ſhall reſt in peace, thy freend ſhall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe ſhall fret at thy good happe, and I ſhall ioy thy ſtate.
But this my fond aduiſe, may ſeeme perchaunce but vayne,
As rather teaching how to loſe, then howe a freend to gayne.
But this not my intent, to teache to finde a freend,
But ſafely how to loue and leaue, is all that I entend.
And if you preaue in part, and finde my counſell true,
Then lyke me well for my good wyll, tis all I craue adewe.

Finis. My lucke is loſſe.

NOt stayed state, but feeble stay,
Not costly robes, but bare aray:
Not pasted wealth, but present want,
Not heaped store, but sclender skant:
Not plenties purse, but poore estate,
Not happy happe, but froward fate:
Not wyshe at wyll, but want of ioy,
Not harts good health, but hartes annoy:
Not freedomes vse, but prisons thrall,
Not costly seate, but lowest fall:
Not weale I meane, but wretched woe,
Dooth truely trye, the freend from foe:
And nought, but froward fortune proues,
Who fawning fames, or simply loues.

Finis, Yloop.

No pleasure, without some payne.

SWeete were the ioyes, that both might like and last,
Strange were the state, exempt from all distresse:
Happy the lyfe, that no mishap should tast,
Blessed the chaunce, might neuer change successe.
Were such a lyfe to leade, or state to proue,
Who would not wyshe, that such a lyfe were loue.

But O the sowre sauce of sweete vnsure,
When pleasures flye, and flee with wast of winde:
The trustlesse traynes that hoping hartes allure,
When sweete delightes doo but allure the minde.
When care consumes and wastes the wretched wight,
Whyle fancy feedes, and drawes of her delight.

What lyfe were loue, yf loue were free from payne?
But O that payne, with pleasure matcht should meete:
Why dyd the course of nature so ordayne,
That sugred sowre, must sause the bitter sweete.
Which sowre from sweete, might any meanes remoue.
What happe, what heauen, what lyfe, were lyke to loue,

Finis. E. S.

1. *Our pleasures are vanities.*

BEhold the blast which blowes, the blossomes from the tree,
The end whereof consumes and comes, to nought we see.
Ere thou therefore be blowen, from life that may not last,
Begin for grace, to call for time mispent and past.

Haue mind on brittle life, whose pleasures are but bayne,
On death likewyse bethinke, how thou maist not remaine.
And feare thy Lord to greeue, which sought thy soule to saue,
To synne no more be bent, but mercie aske and haue.

For death who dooth not spare, the kinges on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee, thy pleasure, life, and will.
That lyfe which yet remaynes, and in thy brest appeares,
Hath sowne in thee such seedes, you ought to weede with teares.

And life that shall succeede, when death is worne and past,
Shall spring for euer then, in ioy or paine to last.
Where death on life hath power ye see, that life also,
Hath mowen the fruites of death, which neuer more shall growe.

FINIS. D. S.

2. *M. Edwardes* MAY.

WHen MAY is in his prime, then MAY eche hart reioyce,
When MAY bedeckes eche branch w̄ greene, eche bird streines
The liuely sappe creepes, vp into ẏ bloming thorne, (forth his voyce.
The flowres, which cold in prison kept, now laughes the frost to scorne.
All natures Impes triumphes, whyles ioyfull May dooth last,
When MAY is gone, of all the yeere the pleasant time is past.

MAY makes the cherfull hue, MAY breedes and bringes newe blood,
MAY marcheth throughout euery limme, MAY makes ẏ mery moode.
MAY pricketh tender hartes, their warbling notes to tune,
Ful strange it is, yet some wee see, doo make their MAY in Iune.
Thus thinges are straungely wrought, whyles ioyfull MAY doth last,
Take MAY in time, when MAY is gone, the pleasant time is past.

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your MAY at wyll,
Reioyce in MAY, as I doo now, and vſe your MAY with ſkill.
Uſe MAY, whyle that you may, for MAY hath but his time,
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the tree to clime.
Your liking and your luſt, is freſhe whyles MAY dooth laſt,
When MAY is gone, of all the yeere the pleaſaunt time is paſt.

Finis.

3. *Faire woordes make fooles faine.*

IN youthfull yeeres when fyrſt my young deſyres began,
To pricke mee foorth to ſerue in Court a ſclender tall young man.
My Fathers bleſſing then I aſkt vpon my knee,
Who bleſſing me with trembling hand, theſe woordes gan ſay to me.
My ſonne, God guide thy way, and ſhielde thee from miſchaunce,
And make thy iuſt deſartes in Court, thy poore eſtate to aduaunce.
Yet when thou art become one of the Courtly trayne,
Thinke on this prouerbe olde (qd he) that faire woordes make fooles (faine.

This counſell grauely geuen, moſt ſtrange appeares to me.
Tyll tract of time, with open eyes, had made me plainely ſee.
What ſubtill ſleightes are wrought, by painted tales deuiſe,
When hollowe hartes with freendly ſhoes the ſimple doo entiſe.
To thinke al golde that ſhines to feede their fonde deſire,
Whoſe ſhiuering cold is warmd with ſmoke, in ſtead of flaming fire.
Sith talke of tickle truſt, dooth breede a hope moſt vaine,
This prouerbe true by proofe I finde, that faire woordes make fooles (faine.

Faire ſpeache alway doeth well, where deedes inſue faire woordes,
Faire ſpeache againe, alway dooth euil, that buſſhes geues for birdes.
Who hopes to haue fayre woordes, to trye his luckie lot,
If I may counſel let him ſtrike it, whyle the iron is hotte.
But them that feede on cloddes, in ſteade of pleaſaunt grapes,
And after warning often geuen, for better lucke ſtill gapes.
Full loth I am, yet muſt I tell them in woordes plaine,
This prouerbe old proues true in them, that faire words makes fooles (faine.

Wo wooyth the time that wooydes, ſo ſlowly turne to deedes,
Wo woyth the time, ỳ faire ſweete floures, are growē to rotten weedes.
But thyſe wo wooyth the time, that trueth away is fled,
Wherein I ſee how ſimple hartes, with wooydes are vainely fed.
Truſt no faire wooydes therefore, where no deedes doo enſue,
Truſt woyds, as ſkilful Falkeners doo truſt Haukes that neuer flew.
Truſt deedes, let wodydes be wooydes, which neuer wrough me gaine,
Let my experience make you wyſe, and let wooydes make fooles faine.

M. Edwardes.

4. *In his extreame ſyckneſſe.*

What greeues my bones, and makes my body faint:
What pyckes my fleſh and teares my head in twaayne:
Why doo I wake, when reſt ſhould me attaynt:
When others laugh, why doo I liue in paine:
I toſſe I turne, I change from ſide to ſide,
And ſtretche me oft, in ſorowes linkes betyde.

I toſſe, as one betoſt in waues of care,
I turne, to flee the woes of lothſome lyfe:
I change to ſpie, yf death this corps might ſpare,
I ſtretche to heauen, to ridde me of this ſtrife,
Thus doo I ſtretche and change, and toſſe and turne,
Whyle I in hope of heauen by life doo burne.

Then holde thee ſtill, let be thy heauineſſe,
Aboliſhe care, forgeat thy pining woe:
For by this meanes ſoone ſhalt thou finde redreſſe,
When oft betoſt, hence thou to heauen muſt goe.
Then toſſe and turne, and tumble franke and free.
O happy thryſe, when thou in heauen ſhalt be.

Finis. L. Vaux.

5. *For Chriſtmas day.*

Reioyce reioyce, with hart and voyce.
In Chriſtes birth this day reioyce.

FRom Virgins wombe, this day dyd ſpring,
The precious ſeede that onely ſaued man:
This day let man reioyce and ſweetely ſing,
Since on this day ſaluation fyrſt began.
This day dyd Chriſte mans ſoule from death remooue,
With glorious ſaintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came loue and vnitie:
This day mans greefe began for to ſurceaſe,
This day did man receyue a remedie.
For eche offence, and euery deadly ſinne,
With guiltie hart, that erſt he wandred in.

In Chriſtes flocke, let loue be ſurely plaſte,
From Chriſtes flocke, let concorde hate expell:
Of Chriſtes flocke, let loue be ſo embraſte,
As we in Chriſte, and Chriſte in vs may dwell.
Chriſte is the aucthour of all vnitie,
From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O ſyng vnto this glittering glorious king,
O prayſe his name, let euery liuing thing:
Let hart and voyce like Belles of ſyluer ring,
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with ſounde of ſweete delight,
The ioy of Chriſtes birth this day reſight.

Finis. F. K.

Eaſter

6. *Eaſter day.*

ALl mortall men this day reioyce,
In Chriſt that you redeemed hath:
By death, with death ſing we with voyce,
To him that hath appeſed Gods wrath.
Due vnto man for ſinfull path,
Wherein before he went aſtray:
Geue thankes to him with perfect faith,
That for mankind hath made this glorious day.

This day he roſe from tombe againe,
Wherin his precious corſe was laide:
Whom cruelly the Iewes had ſlaine,
With bloody woundes full ill araide.
O Man be nowe no more diſmaide,
If thou henceforth from ſinne doo ſtay,
Of death thou needeſt not be afraide,
Chriſt conquered death for this his glorious day.

His death prevayled had no whit,
As Paul the Apoſtle well doth write,
Except he had vpryſen yet,
From death to life by Godlike might.
With moſt triumphant glittering light.
This day his glory ſhined I ſay,
And made vs bright as ſunne this glorious day.

O man aryſe with Chriſte therefore,
Since he from ſinne hath made thee free:
Beware thou fall in ſinne no more,
But ryſe as Chriſte dyd ryſe for thee.
So mayſt thou him in glory ſee,
When he at day of doome ſhal ſay:
Come thou my childe and dwell with me,
God Graunt vs all, to ſee that glorious day.

Finis, Iaſper Heywood.

7. *For Whitſunday.*

COme holy ghoſt eternall God, and eaſe the wofull greeke:
That thorough the heapes of heauy ſinne, can no where find releeke.
Doo thou O God redreſſe
The great diſtreſſe
Of ſinfull heauineſſe.

Come comfort the afflicted thoughtes, of my conſumed hart:
Dry the pearcing pricking paynes, of my tormenting ſmart.
O holy Ghoſt graunt me
That I by thee
From ſinne may purged be.

Thou art my God, to thee alone,
I wyll commend my cauſe:
Not glittering golde nor precious ſtone,
Shall make me leaue thy lawes.
O teache me then the way
Whereby I may
Make thee my onely ſtay.

My lippes, my tongue, my hart and al,
Shall ſpreade thy mightie name:
My voyce ſhall neuer ceaſe to ſound,
The prayſes of the ſame.
Yea euery liuing thing
Shall ſweetely ſyng
To thee (O heauenly king.)

Finis. *M. Kindlemarſh.*

8. *Who mindes to bring his ſhippe to happy ſhore,*
Muſt care to knowe the lawes of wyſdomes lore.

MY freend, yf thou wylt credite me in ought,
To whom the trueth by tryall well appeares:
Nought woorth is wit, till it be dearely bought,
There is no wyſedome but in hoarie heares.

Yet yf I may of wyſedome oft define,
As well as others haue of happineſſe:
Then to my woordes my freende, thy eare encline,
The thinges that make thee wyſe, are theſe I geſſe.

Feare God, and knowe thy ſelfe in eche degree,
Be freend to all, familier but to fewe:
Too light of credite, ſee thou neuer be,
For tryall oft in truſt, dooth treaſon ſhewe.
To others faultes caſt not to much thy eye,
Accuſe no man of gůlt, amend thy owne:
Of medling much, dooth miſchiefe oft aryſe,
And oft debate, by tickle tongue is ſowne.

What thing thou wylt haue hid, to none declare,
In woorde or deede, beware of had I wiſt:
So ſpend thy good, that ſome thou euer ſpare,
For freendes like Haukes, doo ſoare from emptie fiſt.
Cut out thy coate, according to thy cloth,
Suſpected perſons ſee thou alwayes flee:
Beleeue not him that once hath broke his troth,
Nor yet of gift, without deſart be free.

Time quickly ſlips beware how thou it ſpend,
Of wanton youth, repentes a painefull age:
Begynne nothing without an eye to thend,
Nor bowe thyne eare from counſell of the ſage.
If thou to farre let out thy fancie ſlip,
And witleſſe wyll from reaſons rule outſtart:
Thy folly, ſhall at length be made thy whippe,
And ſore, the ſtripes of ſhame, ſhal cauſe thee ſmart.

To doo too much for olde men is but loſt,
Of freendſhip had to women comes like gaine:
Beſtowe not thou on children to much coſt,
For what thou dooeſt for theſe, is all in vayne.

The

The olde man or he can requite, he dyes,
Unconstant is the womans waueryng minde:
Full soone the boy thy freendship wyl despise,
And him for loue thou shalt vngratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barren ground,
The woman like the Reede that wagges with winde:
There may no trust in tender yeeres be found,
And of the three, the boy is most vnkinde.
If thou haue found a faithfull freend in deede,
Beware thou lose not loue of such a one:
He shall sometime stand thee in better steede,
Then treasure great of golde or precious stone.

Finis. Iasper Heywood.

9. *Of the vnconstant stay of fortunes giftes.*

IF Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised, false, and fickle.
This day she seemes to smile, to morrowe wyl she frowne,
What nowe she sets aloft, anone she throweth downe.
Fly Fortunes sly deseytes, let Vertue be thy guide,
If that you doo intend in happy state to bide.

Upon the setled Rocke, thy building surest standes,
Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sandes.
Dame Vertue is the Rocke, that yeeldes assured stay,
Dame Fortune is the Sand, that skowreth soone away.
Chuse that is certaine, let thinges vncertayne passe,
Preferre the precious golde, before the brittle glasse.

Sly Fortune hath her sleightes, she plaies vpon the packe,
Looke whom she fauours most, at length she turnes to wracke.
But Vertue simply deales, she shuns deceitfull trayne,
Who is by Fortune raysed vp, shall neuer fall againe.
Sticke fast to Vertue then, that geues assured trust,
And fly from Fortunes freekes, that euer prooue vniust.

Finis. F. K.

Promise

10. *Promiſe is debt.*

IN my accompt, the promiſe that is vowed,
Among the good, is holden ſuch a debt:
As he is thought, no whit to be alowed,
That ſetteth light his promiſe to forget.
And for my part, I wyl not linke in loue,
With fickle folke, whoſe fancies oft remoue.

My happy gaine, I doo eſteeme for ſuch,
As fewe haue found, in theſe our doutful dayes:
To finde a freend, I thinke it be as much,
Aſke wimme, a fort full fraught of noble praiſe.
Of all the goodes, that there may be poſſeſt,
A faithfull freend, I iudge to be the beſt.

O freendly league, although to late begunne,
Yet time ſhall try our troth, is well imployed:
And that we both ſhall ſee, that we haue wonne,
Such faſtned faith, as can not be deſtroyed.
By enuious rage, or ſlaunders bitter blowe
That ſeekes the good, to ouerthrowe.

Finis. R. Hill.

11. *No woordes, but deedes.*

THE wrong is great, the paine aboue my power,
That yeeldes ſuch care in doutfull dennes to drowne:
Such happe is hard, where fortune dooth ſo lower,
As freendly looke, is turned to froward frowne.
Is this the truſt that faithfull freendes can finde?
With thoſe that yet haue promiſe broke?
By deedes in dout, as though no woordes can binde,
A vowed freend to hold him to his yoke.

O faithleſſe freend: what can aſſure your minde,
That doutes ſo ſoone, before you haue cauſe why?
To what hard happe: dooth Fortune here me binde,
When woordes nor deedes can no way ſatiſfye.

What can I write: that hath not oft been saide:
What haue I saide: that other hath not affyrmed:
What is approued: that ought to be assayed:
Or what is vowed: that shall not be performed:

Cast of mistrust, in haste no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth freendes vnrest:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My deedes shall proue, that all is for the best.
And this beleeue, the Sea shall ceasse to flowe,
The Sunne to shine within the setled skie:
All thinges on earth, shall leaue to spring and growe,
Yea euery foule shall want, his winges to flye.

Eare I in thought, shall seeme once to retyre,
If you my freend remaine, as I desyre:
Nowe lose no time, but vse that whyle you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

Finis. R. D.

12. *He desyreth exchange of lyfe.*

THE day delayed, of that I most doo wishe,
Wherewith I feede and starue, in one degree:
With wishe and want, still serued in one dishe,
Aliue as dead, by proofe as you may sowe.
To whom of olde, this prouerbe well it serues,
Whyle grasse dooth growe, the seelly Horse he sterues.

Tweene these extreames, thus doo I rome the race,
Of my poore life, this certaynely I knowe:
Tweene would and want, vnwarely that dooth passe,
More swift then shot, out of the archers bowe.
As Spider drawes her line in vayne all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And

And as by proofe, the greedy dogge doth gnaw,
The bared bone, all onely for the taſte:
So to and fro, this lothſome life I drawe,
With fancies foyſt, and fed with vaine repaſt.
Narciſſus nought vnto the water drinke,
So aye thirſt I, the more that I doo drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I ſeeme not ſicke,
With ſmart vnſeene, my ſelfe my ſelfe I weare:
With prone deſire, and power that is not quicke,
With hope aloft nowe drenched in diſpaire,
Trayned in truſt, for no reward aſſigned,
The more I haſte, the more I come behinde.

With hurt to heale, in frozen yſe to frye,
With looſe to laugh, this is a woonderous caſe:
Faſt fetred here, is foyſte away to flye,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chaſe.
With winges and ſpurres, for all the haſte I make,
As like to loſe, as for to drawe the ſtake.

The dayes be long, that hang vpon deſert,
The life is irke of ioyes that be delayed:
The time is ſhort, for to requite the ſmart,
That dooth proceede of promiſe long vnpaid.
That to the laſt of this my fainting breath,
I wiſhe exchange of life, for happy death.

Finis. *L: Vaux.*

13. *Of the inſtabilitie of youth.*

WHEN I looke backe, and in my ſelfe beholde,
The wandring wayes, that youth could not deſcry:
And markt the fearefull courſe that youth did holde,
And mette in mind, eache ſteppe youth ſtrayed awry.
My knees I bowe, and from my hart I call,
O Lorde, forget theſe faultes and follies all.

For nowe I see, howe boyde youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I doo confesse my faultes and all my yll,
And sorrowe sore, for that I did offend.
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth, ten thousand times.

The humble hart, hath daunted the proud mind,
Eke wysedome hath geuen ignorance a fall:
And wit hath taught, that folly could not finde,
And age hath youth, her subiect and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lorde of life and trueth,
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou that dydst graunt the wyse king his request:
Thou that in Whale, thy prophet didst preserue:
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy brest:
Thou that dydst saue the theefe in state to sterue.
Thou only God, the geuer of all grace:
Wipe out of mind, the path of youthes vaine race.

Thou that by power, to lyfe didst rayse the dead.
Thou that of grace restorest the blinde to sight:
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bled,
Thou that of fauour, madest the lame goe vpright.
Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all assayes,
Forgeue the gilth, that grewe in youthes vayne wayes.

And nowe since I, with faith and doubtlesse minde,
Doo fly to thee by prayer, to appease thy yre:
And since that thee, I onely seeke to finde,
And hope by faith, to attayne my iust desyre.
Lorde, minde no more youthes error and vnskill,
And able age, to doo thy holy wyll.

Finis. *L. Vaux.*

Moste

14. *Moſt happy is that ſtate alone,*
Where woordes and deedes agree in one.

BY painted wooꝛdes, the ſilly ſimple man,
To truſtleſſe trappe, is trayned now and than.
And by conſeyte, of ſweete alluring tale,
He bites the baites, that bꝛeedes his bitter bale.
To beawties blaſt, caſt not thy rolling eye:
In pleaſaunt greene, doo ſtinging Serpent lye.
The golden Pill, hath but a bitter taſte:
In glittering glaſſe, a poyſon ranckeſt plaſte.
So pleaſant wooꝛdes, without perfourming deedes:
May well be deemed, to ſpꝛing of Darnel ſeedes.
The freendly deede is it, that quickly tryes:
Where truſty faith, and freendly meaning lyes.
That ſtate therefoꝛe, moſt happy is to me:
Where wooꝛdes and deedes, moſt faithfully agree.

My freend, yf thou wylt keepe thy honeſt name:
Fly from the blotte, of barking ſlaunders blame.
Let not in wooꝛd, thy pꝛomiſe be moꝛe large:
Then thou in deede, art wylling to diſcharge.
Abhoꝛred is that falſe diſſembling bꝛoode,
That ſeemes to beare, two faces in one hoode.
To ſay a thing, and not to meane the ſame:
Wyll turne at length, to loſe of thy good name.
Wherefoꝛe my freend, let double dealing goe:
In ſteade whereof, let perfect plaineneſſe flowe.
Doo thou no moꝛe, in idle wooꝛdes exceede:
Then thou intendes to doo, in very deede.
So good repoꝛt, ſhall ſpꝛeade thy wooꝛthy pꝛayſe:
Foꝛ being iuſt in wooꝛd and deede alwayes.

You woꝛldly wightes, that woꝛldly dooers are:
Before you let your wooꝛd ſlip fooꝛth to farre,
Conſyder wel, what inconuenience ſpꝛinges:
By bꝛeache of pꝛomiſe made, in lawfull thinges.

First, God mislikes where such deceite dooth swarme:
Next, it redoundeth vnto thy neighbours harme.
And last of all, which is not least of all:
For such offence, thy conscience suffer shall.
As barren groundes, bringes forth but rotten weedes:
From barren woordes, so fruiteleſſe chaffe proceedes.
As sauerie flowres, doo spring in fertill ground:
So trusty freendes, by tryed freendes are found.
To shunne therefore the woorſt, that may ensue:
Let deedes alway, approue thy sayinges true.

Finis. F. K.

15. *Who wyll aſpire to dignitie,*
By learnyng muſt aduaunced be.

THE poore that liue in needie rate,
By learning doo great ritheſſe gayne:
The riche that liue in wealthy state,
By learnyng doo their wealth mainteyne.
Thus ritch and poore, are furthered still.
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceites of franticke youth,
The golden gyft of learning slayes:
Of doubtfull thinges to searche the trueth,
Learning sets foorth the reddy wayes.
O happy him doo I repute,
Whose breſt is fraught with learninges fruite.

There growes no Corne within the feelde,
That Oxe and Plough did neuer tyll:
Right so the mind no fruite can yeelde,
That is not lead by learninges skill.
Of ignoraunce comes rotten weedees,
Of learnyng springes right noble deedes.

Like

Like as the Captayne hath respect.
To trayne his souldiers in aray:
So Learning dooth mans mind direct.
By Vertues staffe his lyfe to stay.
Though Freendes and Fortune wareth skant.
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

You Impes therefore in youth be sure.
To fraught your mindes with learned thinges:
For Learning is the fountayne pure.
Out from the which all glory springes.
Who so therefore wyll glory winne.
With Learning fyrst, must needes beginne.

Finis. F. K.

16. *Mans flitting life, fyndes surest stay.*
Where sacred Vertue beareth sway.

THE sturdy Rocke, for all his strength,
By raaging Seas, is rent in twayne:
The Marble stone, is pearst at length,
With little droppes, of drisling rayne.
The Ore dooth yeelde vnto the yoke,
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately Stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalpyng Houndes, at bay is set:
The swiftest Bird, that flees about,
Is caught at length in Fowlers net.
The greatest Fishe in deepest Brooke,
Is soone deceiued with subtil hooke.

Ye man him selfe, vnto whose wyll,
All thinges are bounden to obay:
For all his witte, and worthy skill,
Dooth fade at length, and fall away.

There

There is nothing, but time dooth waſt,
The Heauens, the Earth, conſume at laſt.

But Vertue ſittes, triumphing ſtill,
Upon the Trone, of glorious Fame:
Though ſpitefull Death, mans body kill,
Yet hurtes he not, his vertuous name.
By Life or death, what ſo be tides,
The ſtate of Vertue, neuer ſlides.

Finis. *M.* *T.*

17. *Nothing is comparable vnto a faithfull freend.*

SIth this our time of Freendſhip is ſo ſcant,
Sith Freendſhip nowe in euery place dooth want.
Sith euery man of Freendſhip is ſo hollowe,
As no man rightly knowes which way to followe.
Seaſe not my Muſe, ceaſe not in theſe our dayes,
To ryng loude peales, of ſacred Freendſhips prayſe.

If men be nowe, their owne peculier freendes,
And to their neighbours Freendſhip none pretendes.
If men of Freendſhip ſhewe them ſelues ſo bare,
And of their brethren take no freendly care.
Forbeare not then my Muſe, nor feare not then,
To ryng diſprayſe of theſe vnfreendly men.

Did man of Freendſhip knowe the mightie power:
Howe great effectes it woorketh euery houre.
What ſtore of hidden freendſhip it retaynes,
How ſtill it powreth forth aboundaunt gaynes.
Man would with thee my muſe in theſe our dayes,
Ryng out loude peales, of ſacred Freendſhips prayſe.

Freendſhip, releeueth mans neceſſitie,
Freendſhip, comforteth mans aduerſitie.
Freendſhip augmenteth mans proſperitie,
Freendſhip preferres man to felicitie.

Then

Then ryng my muse, ryng out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

Of Freendship, groweth loue and charitie,
By Freendship, men are linked in amitie:
From Freendship, springeth all commoditie,
The fruite of Freendship, is fidelitie.
Oh ryng my Muse, ryng out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred Freendships prayse.

That man with man, true Freendship may embrace,
That man to man, may shewe a freendly face:
That euery man, may sowe such freendly seedes,
As Freendship, may be found in freendly deedes.
And ioyne with me my Muse in these our dayes,
To ryng loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

Finis. F. K.

18. Respise finem.

TO be as wyse as CATO was,
Or ritch as CRESVS in his like:
To haue the strength of Hercules,
Whiche did subdue by force or strife.
What helpeth it when Death doth call,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

The Ritche may well the Poore releeue,
The Rulers may redresse eche wrong:
The Learned may good counsell geue,
But marke the ende, of this my song.
Who dooth these thinges, happy they call,
Their happy ende exceedeth all.

The happiest end, in these our dayes,
That all doo seeke, both small and great:

Is eyther for Fame, or els for Prayse,
Or who may sitte in highest seate.
But of these thinges, hap what hap shall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

A good beginning oft we see,
But seeldome standyng at one stay:
For fewe doo lyke the meane degree,
Then prayse at parting some men say.
The thing whereto eache wight is thrall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

The meane estate, that happy life,
Whiche liueth vnder gouernaunce:
Who seekes no hate, nor breedes no strife,
But takes in worth his happy chaunce,
If contentation him befall,
His happy end, exceedeth all.

The longer lyfe that we despyse,
The more offence dooth dayly growe:
The greater paine it dooth require,
Except the Iudge some mercie shewe.
Wherefore I thinke, and euer shall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

Finis. D. S.

19. *He perswadeth his freend, from the fond effectes of loue.*

Why art thou bound, and maist goe free,
Shall reason yeelde to raging wyll?
Is thraldome like to libertie?
Wylt thou exchange thy good for ill?
Then shalt thou learne a childishe play,
And of eche part to taste and proue,
The lookers on, shall iudge and say,
Loe this is he that liues by loue.

Thy wittes with thoughtes, shal stand at stay,
Thy head shall haue but heauie rest:
Thy eyes shall watche for wanton prayes,
Thy tongue shall shewe thy hartes requeste.
Thy eares shall heare a thousand noyse,
Thy hand shall put thy pen to paine:
And in the ende, thou shalt dispraise,
The life so spent, for such small gaine.

If leue and lisk might neuer cope,
Nor youth to runne from reasons race:
Nor yf strong suite might winne sure hope,
I would lesse blame a louers case.
For loue is hotte, with great desire,
And sweete delight makes youth so fond,
That little sparkes wyl prooue great fyre,
And bring free hartes to endlesse bond.

Finis.

20. *Wantyng his desyre, he complayneth.*

THe sayling ships with ioy at lenght, do touche the long desired port,
The hewing axe ỳ oke doth waste, ỳ battring Canon breakes ỳ fort.
Hard hagard Haukes stope to ỳ lure, wild colts in time ỳ bridle tames,
There is nothing so out of vre, but to his kinde long time it frames.
Yet this I finde in time, no time can winne my sute,
Though oft the tree I clime, I can not catche the fruite.

And yet the pleasant branches oft, in yeelding wyse to me doo bowe,
When I would touch, they spring aloft, sone are they gone, I wot not howe:
Thus I pursue ỳ fleting flood, like *Tantalus* in hel belowe.
Would god my case she understood, which can ful sone releue my woe:
Which yf to her were knowen, the fruite were surely mine,
She would not let me grone, and bruse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle turne, with rented sailes must needes retire,
And streame & wind had plainely sworne, by force to hinder my desire:

Like one that strikes vpon ỳ rocks, my wearie wrack I should bewaile
And learne to know false fortunes mocks, who smiles on me to small a-
Yet sith she only can, my rented ship restore, (uaile:
To helpe her wracked man, but once I seeke no more.

Finis. M. Edwardes.

21. *Trye before you trust.*

IN freendes are found a heape of doubtes, that double dealing vse,
A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse:
A face for loue, a hart for hate, these faigned freendes can beare,
A tongue for troth, a head for wyles, to hurt eche simple eare.
In humble port is poyson pact, that plainenesse can not spie,
Which credites all, and can not see, where stinging serpentes lye:
Through hastie trust, the harmelesse hart, is easely hampred in,
And made beleeue it is good golde, when it is lead and tin.
The first deceit that blears mine eyes, is faigned faith profest,
The second trappe, is grating talke, that gripes eche strangers brest.
The third deceit, is greeting woordes, with colours painted out,
Which biddes suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no dangerous dout.
The fourth and last, is long repaire, which creepes in freendships lap:
And dayly haunts, that vnder trust, deuiseth many a trap.
Lo how false freendes, can frame a fetch, to winne the wil with wyles,
To sauce their sleightes with sugred sops, & shadowe harme w̄ smiles.
To serue their lustes, are sundry sortes, by practise diuers kindes,
Some carries honnie in their mouthes, and venime in their mindes.
Wee thinkes the stones within the streetes, should crie out in this case,
And euery one that doth them meete, should shunne their double face.

Finis. D. S.

22. *A Lady forsaken, complayneth.*

IF pleasures be in painefulnesse: in pleasures dooth my body rest,
If ioyes accorde with carefulnesse: a ioyfull hart is in my brest:
If prison strong be libertie: in libertie long haue I been,
If ioyes accord with miserie: who can compare a lyfe to myne.

Who

Who can vnbind that is ſore bound? who can make free ꝑ is ſore thrall
Or how can any meanes be found? to comfort ſuch a wretch withall?
None can, but he ꝑ hath my hart, conuert my paines to comfort then,
Yet ſince his ſeruant I became, moſt like a bondman haue I beene:
Since firſt in bondage I became, my woord and deede was euer ſuch,
That neuer once he could me blame, except from louing him too much.
Which I can iudge no iuſt offence, nor cauſe that I deſerud diſdayne,
Except he meane through falſe pretẽce, through forged loue to make a (traine
Nay nay alas, my fained thoughts my frẽded & my fained ruth
My pleaſures paſt my preſent plaints, ſhew wel I meane but to much truth:
But ſince I can not him attaine, againſt my wil I let him goe,
And leſt he glorie at my paine, I wyl attempt to cloke my woe.
Youth, learne by me, but doo not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What greeuous greefes do grow by loue, & what it is to loue in vaine.

Finis. M. D.

23. *Finding worlaly ioyes but vanities, he wyſheth death.*

FOrlorne in filthy froward fate, wherein a thouſand cares I finde,
By whom I doo lament my ſtate, annoide with fond afflicted minde:
A wretche in woe, and dare not crie,
I liue, and yet I wiſhe to dye.
The day in dole, that ſeemeth long, I pas with ſighes & heauy cheere,
And with theſe eyes I bewe the wrong, that I ſuſtaine by louing here:
Where my miſhappes as rife doo dwell,
As plagues within the pit of hell.
A wailing wight I walke alone, in deſart dennes there to complaine,
Among the ſauage ſort to mone, I flee my frends where they remaine:
And pleaſure take to ſhun the ſight,
Where erſt I felt my cheefe delight.
A captiue clapt in chaynes of care, lapt in the lawes of lethall loue,
My fleſhe & bones conſumed bare, with crauling greefes ful ſtrange to (proue:
Though hap dooth bidde me hope at leaſt,
Whiles graſſe dooth growe, yet ſtarues the beaſt.
A ſeeged fort with forraine force, for want of ayde, muſt yeelde at laſt,
So muſt my weeried pined corſe, ſubmit it ſelfe to bitter taſt:
Of crauling care, that carkes my breſt,
Tyll hop or death, ſhall breede my reſt.

Finis. F. M.

24. *Hauing marryed a woorthy Lady, and taken away by death, he complayneth his mishap.*

IN youth when I at large did leade, my life in lustie libertie,
When heuy thoughtes no one did spreade, to let my pleasant fantesie
No fortune seemd, so hard could fall,
This freedome then, that might make thrall.
And twentie yeres I skarse had spent, whē to make ful my happy fate,
Both treasures great were on me cast, with landes and titles of estate:
So as more blest then I stoode than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.
For of Dame Fortune who is he, coulde more desyre by iust request,
The health, with wealth, and libertie, al which at once I thus possest:
But maskyng in this ioly ioy,
A soden syght, prooud al a toy.
For passyng on these merie dayes, with new deuice of pleasures great,
And now & then to viewe the rayes, of beauties woorkes with cunnyng
In heauenly hewes, al which as one, (fret:
I oft beheldе, but bounde to none.
And one day rowlyng thus my eyes, vpon these blessed wyghts at ease,
Among the rest one dyd I see, who straycht my wandryng lookes dyd
And stayed them firme, but suche a syght, (sease:
Of beautie yet sawe neuer wyght.
What shal I seke to praise it more, where tongs can not praise ẏ same,
But to be short to louers lore, I straycht my senses al dyd frame:
And were it wyt, or were it chaunce,
I woonne the Garlande in this daunce,
And thus wher I before had thought, no hap my fortune might encrese,
A double blis this chance forth brought, so did my ladies loue me plese:
Her fayth so firme, and constant suche,
As neuerhart, can prayse too muche.
But now with torments strange I tast, ẏ fickle stay of fortunes whele,
And where she rayse de from height to cast, with greater force, of greefe
For from this hap of soden frowne, (to feele:
Of Princes face she threwe me downe.

And

And thus exchange now hath it made, my libertie a thing moſt deare,
In hateful priſon for to fade, where ſundred from my louing feare:
My wealth, and health, ſtandes at like ſtay,
Obſcurely to conſume away.
And laſt when hunnaine force was none, could part our loue wherin we liued,
My ladyes life alas is gone, moſt cruel death hath it bereued:
Whoſe vertues, her, to God, hath wonne,
And leaſt me here, a man vndone.

Finis. F. G.

25. *A woorthy dittie, ſong before the Queenes Maieſtie at Briſtowe.*

MIſtruſt not troth, that truely meanes, for euery ielous freke,
In ſteade of wrong, condemne not right, no hidde wrath to wreke:
Looke on the light of faultleſſe life, how bright her vertues ſhine,
And meaſure out her ſteppes eche one, by leuel and by line.

Deeme eche deſert by vpright geſſe, whereby your prayſe ſhal liue,
If malice would be match with might, let hate no iudgement geue:
Enforſe no feare with wreſting wittes, in quiet conſcience breſt,
Lend not your eares to buſie tongues, which breedeth much vnreſt.

In doubtfull driftes wade not to farre, it weeries but the mind,
Seeke not to ſearch the ſecret harts, whoſe thoughtes are hard to find:
Auoide from you thoſe hatefull heads, that helpes to heape miſhapp,
Be ſlowe to heare the flatterers voyce, which creepeth in your lapp.

Embrace their loue that wills you good, and ſpoyt not at their prayſe,
Truſt not too much vnto your ſelfe, for feeble are your ſtaies:
Howe can your ſeate be ſetled faſt, or ſtand on ſtedfaſt ground,
So propped vp with hollowe hartes, whoſe ſuertie is vnſound.

Geue faith to thoſe that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
Regard not them that force compels, to pleaſe you euery where:
All this well waide and borne away, ſhall ſtabliſhe long your ſtate,
Continually with perfect peace, in ſpite of puffing hate.

Finis. D. S.

His

26. *His good name being blemished, he bewayleth.*

FRaud is the front of Fortune past all recouerie,
I clayles stand, to abide the shocke of shame and infamie.
My life through lingring long is lodge, in lare of lothsome wayes,
My death delaide to keepe from life, the harme of hapelesse dayes:
My spirites, my hart, my witte and force, in deepe distresse are drownd,
The only losse of my good name, is of these greefes the ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my head, my voyce, and tongue are weake
To vtter, mooue, deuise, conceiue, sound forth, declare, and speake:
Such pearling plaintes, as answeare might, or would my wofull case,
Helpe, craue I must, and craue I will, with teares vpon my face:
Of al that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To wayle with me this losse of mine, as of these greefes the ground.

Helpe gods, helpe saintes, helpe spirites & powers, ỳ in the heauen doo dwel,
Helpe ye ỳ are to wayle aye woout, ye howling hounds of hel:
Helpe man, helpe beasts, helpe birds, & wormes, ỳ on ỳ earth doth toile
Helpe fishe, helpe foule, that flocks and feedes vpon the salt sea soyle:
Helpe eccho that in ayre dooth flee, shryl voyces to resound,
To wayle this losse of my good name, as of these greefes the ground.

Finis. E. O.

27. *Of Fortunes power.*

POlicrates whose passing happe, cauld him to lose his fate,
A golden ryng cast in the seas, to change his constant state,
And in a fishe yet at his bourd, the same he after found,
Thus Fortune loe, to whom she takes, for bountie dooth abound.

The myzers vnto might she mountes, a common case we see,
And mightie in great miserie, she sets in lowe degree:
Whom she to day dooth reare on hie, vpon her whirling wheele,
To morowe nett she dingeth downe, and falleth at her heele.

No

No measure hath shee in her gifts, shee doth reward eache sort.
The wise that counsell haue, no more then fooles that maketh sport.
Shee vseth neuer partiall handes for to offend or please,
Geue me good Fortune all men sayes, and throw me in the seas.

It is no fault or worthines, that makes men fall or rise,
I rather be borne Fortunate, then to be very wise.
The blindest man right soone, that by good Fortune guided is,
To whome that pleasant Fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amis.

Finis. *M. Edwardes.*

28. *Though Triumph after bloudy warres, the greatest brags do beare:*
Yet Triumph of a conquered minde, the crowne of Fame shall weare.

Who so doth marke the careleſſe life, of theſe vnhappie dayes,
And sees what smalla nd slender hold, the state of vertue stayes:
He findes that this accursed trade, proceedeth of this ill,
That men be giuen, too much to yeelde to their vntamed will.

In lacke of taming witlesse wil, the poore we often see
Enuies the rich, because that he, his equall cannot bee:
The rich aduaunced to might by wealth, from wrong doth not refraine,
But will oppresseth weaker sort, to heape excessiue gaine.

If Fortune were so blinde, to geue to one man what he will,
A world would not suffise the same, if he might haue his fill:
We wish, we searche, we striue for all, and haue no more therin
Then hath ỳ slaue, when death doth come, though *Cresus* welth we win.

In getting much, we get but care, such brittle wealth to keepe,
The rich within his walles of stone doth neuer soundly sleepe:
When poore in weake and slender house, doe feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to keepe them selues in health.

Affection may not hide the sword of sway, in iudgement seat,
Least partiall law dee execute the lawe in causes great:
But if the minde in constant state, affection quite doe leaue,
The higher state shall haue their right, the poore no wrong receaue.

It is accompted greater praise to *Ceasars* loftie state,
Against his vanquist foes, in warres to bridle wickefull hate:
Then when to *Rome* he had subdued, the people long vnknowne,
Whereby as farre as land was found, the same abrode was flowne.

If honor can selfe will refuse, and iustice be vpright,
And priuate state desires but that which good appeares in sight:
Then vertue shall with soueraigne shew, to euery eye reueale
A heauenly life, a wealefull state, a happie common weale.

Let vertue then the Triumph win, and gouerne all your deedes,
Your yeelding to her sober heastes, immortall glory breede:
Shee shall vpreare your worthy name, shew then vnto the skies,
Her beames shall shine in graue obscure, where shrined darkesse lies.

Finis. *M. Edwardes.*

29 *Of perfect wisedome.*

WHo so will be accompted wise, and truely claime the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes, he must atchieue the same:
But fewe there be, that seeke thereby true wisedome to attaine,
O God, so rule our hearts therefore, such fondnesse to refraine.

The wisedome which we most esteeme, in this thing doth consist,
With glorious talke to shew in wordes our wisedome when we list.
Yet not in talke, but seemely deedes, our wisedome we should place,
To speake so faire, and doe but ill, doth wisedome quite disgrace.

To bargaine well, and shunne the losse, a wisedome counted is,
And thereby through the greedie eyne no hope of grace to mis.
To seeke by honoure to aduaunce his name to brittle praise,
Is wisedome, which we daily see, increaseth in our dayes.

But heauenly wisedome lower seemes to hard for them to win,
And weary of the suite they seeme, when they doe once begin:
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breth we haue,
When it dissolueth earthly masse, the soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisedome is, which we neglect, although of greater price:
A poynt of wisedome also this, we commonly esteeme,
That euery man should be in deede, that he desires to seeme.

To bridle that desire of gaine, which forceth vs to ill,
Our hawtie stomackes Lord represse, to tame presuming will:
This is the wisedome that we should, aboue eache thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant hearts, the rules of wisedome true,
That all our deedes in worldly life, may like thereof insue:
Thou onely art the liuing spring, from whome this wisedome flowes,
O washe therewith our sinfull heartes, from vice that therin growes.

Finis. *M. Edwardes.*

30 *A frendly admonition.*

YE stately wightes, that liue in quiet rest
Through worldly wealth, which God hath giuen to you.
Lament with teares and sighes from dolefull brest:
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now.
Behold how God doth daily proffer grace,
Yet we disdaine, repentance to embrace.

The suddes of sinne doe sucke into the mind,
And cancred vice doth vertue quite expell,
No chaunge to good alasse can resting finde:
Our wicked hearts so stoutly doe rebell.
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heauen his daily threates doe send.

We are so slow to chaunge our blamefull life,
We are so prest to snatche alluring vice:
Such greedie hartes on euery side be rife.
So few that guide their will by counsell wise,
To iet our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for vndeserued grace.

You worldly wightes, that haue your fancies set
On slipper ioy of terreine pleasure here:
Let some remorse in all your deedes be mixt.
Whiles you haue time let some redresse appere.
Of sodaine Death the houre you shall not know,
And looke for Death although it seemeth slow.

Oh be no iudge in other mens offence,
But purge thy selfe and seeke to make thee free,
Let euery one applie his diligence,
A chaunge to good with in him selfe to see:
O God direct our feete in such a stay,
From cancred vice to shame the hatefull way.

Finis. R. *Hill.*

31. *Sundrie men, sundrie affectes.*

IN euery wight some sondrie sort of pleasure I doe finde,
Which after he doth seeke to ease his toyling minde.
Diana with her training chase, of hunting had delight,
Against the fearefull Deare, shee could direct her shotte aright.
The lustie yeares in euery age, doth still imbrace the same,
The sport is good, if vertue doe assist the chearefull game.

Minerua in her chattering armes her courage doth aduaunce,
In triall of the bloudie warres, shee giueth luckie chaunce.
For sauegard men imbrace the same, which doe so needefull seeme,
That noble heartes their cheefe delights in vse therof esteeme.
In warlike games to ride or trie the force of armes they vse,
And base the man we doe accompt, that doth the same refuse.

The siluer sound of musickes cordes, doth please *Apollos* wit,
A science which the heauens aduaunce, where it deserues to sit.
A pleasure apt for euery wight, releefe to carefull minde,
For woe redresse, for care a salue, for sadnesse helpe we finde.
The soueraigne praise of Musicke still, doth cause the Poetes faine,
That whirling Spheres, and eke the heauens, do hermonie retaine.

I heard

I heard that theſe three powers, at variaunce lately fell,
Whiles eache did praiſe his owne delight, the other to excell.
Then Fame, as one indifferent iudge, to ende the caſe they call,
The praiſe pronounced by her to them, indifferently doth fall.
Diana health and ſtrength maintaine, *Minerua* force doth tame,
And Muſicke geues ſweete delight, to further other game.

Theſe three delightes to hawtie mindes, the worthieſt are eſteemed,
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be ſo demed.
With ioy they doe releeue the witte with ſorrow oft oppreſt,
And neuer ſuffer ſolempne greefe too long in minde to reſt.
Be wiſe in mirth, and ſeeke delight, the ſame doe not abuſe,
In honeſt mirth, a happie ioy we ought not to refuſe.

Finis. R. Hill.

32. *Time giues experience.*

WE reade what paines the powers deuine,
Through wrath conceiued by ſome offence,
To mortall creatures they aſſigne
Their due deſartes for recompence.
What endleſſe paine they muſt endure,
Which their offences did procure.

A Gripe doth *Tityus* Liuer teare
His greedie hungrie gorge to fill,
And *Siſiphus* muſt euer beare
The rowling ſtone againſt the hill.
A number moe in hell be found,
Which thus to endleſſe paine are bound.

Yet all the woe that they ſuſtaine,
Is nothing to the paine of me,
Which cometh through the proude diſdaine
Of one, that doth to loue repine:
Therefore I crie woe worth the houre,
Since firſt I fell in *Venus* power.

The gnawing gripes of irksome thought,
Consumes my heart with *Titius* griefe:
I also haue full vainly wrought,
With *Sisiphus* without reliefe.
Euen when I hope to ende my paine,
I must renue my sute againe.

Yet will I not seeme so vntrue,
To leaue a thing so late begone:
A better happe may yet insue,
The strongest towres in time be wonne.
In time therefore, my trust I place,
Who must procure desired grace.

Finis. R. H.

33 *Of sufferance cometh ease.*

TO seeme for to reuenge eache wrong in hastie wise,
By proofe we see of guiltlesse men, it hath not bene the guise.
In slaunders lothsome brute, where they condemned bee,
With ragelesse moode they suffer wrong, where truth shal trie thē free.
These are the patient panges, that passe within the brest
Of those, that feele their cause by mine, where wrōg hath right opprest.
I know how by suspect, I haue bene iudgd awrie,
And graunted giltie in the thing, that cleerely I denie:
My faith may me defend, if I might loued be,
God iudge me so, as from the guilt I know me to be free.
I wrote but for my selfe, the griefe was all mine owne,
As, who would proue extremitie, by proofe it might be knowne.
Yet are there suche, that say, they can my meaning deeme,
Without respect of this olde trothe, thinge proue not as they seeme,
Whereby it may befall, in iudgement to be quicke,
To make them selues suspect therewith, that needed not to kicke.
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought
I do amisse, as though I knew by whome it might be wrought.
If any suche there be, that heerewithall be vert,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

Finis. E. S.

34 Being

34 *Being trapped in Loue he complayneth.*

THe hidden woes that ſwelleth in my hart,
Drings forth ſuche ſighes, as ſdles the aire with ſmoke:
The golden beames, throwe his his fierie dart,
Dare not abide, the auſpere of the ſtroke.
Which ſtroke, although it dazed me ſome dele,
Yet nature taught my hand to worke his kinde,
Wherewith I raught to pull away the ſtele,
But to my paine, it left my head behinde,
That faſtned hath my heart ſo neare the pith,
Except ſuche ſalue, as when the Scorpion ſtinges,
I might receiue to heale my wounde therewith:
In vaine for eaſe, my tongue alwayes it ringes.
And I for paines, ſhall periſh through her guilt,
That can reioyce, to ſee how I am ſpilt.

Finis. E. S.

35 *Though Fortune haue ſette thee on hie,*
Remember yet that thou ſhalt die.

TO die, Dame nature did man frame,
Death is a thing moſt perfect ſure:
We ought not natures workes to blame,
Shee made nothing, ſtill to endure.
That lawe ſhee made, when we were borne,
That hence we ſhould retourne againe:
To render right, we muſt not ſcorne,
Death is due debt, it is no paine.

The ciuill lawe, doth bidde reſtore
That thou haſt taken vp of truſt:
Thy life is lent, thou muſt therfore
Repay, except thou be vniuſt.
This life is like a poynted race,
To the ende wherof when man hath trode,
He muſt returne to former place,
He may not ſtill remaine abrode.

Death

Death hath in all the earth aright,
His power is great, it stretcheth farre:
No Lord, no Prince, can scape his might,
No creature can his dartie barre.
The wise, the iust, the strong, the hie,
The chast, the meeke, the free of hart,
The rich, the poore, who can denie,
Haue yeelded all vnto his dart.

Could *Hercules* that tamde eache wight?
Or else *Vlisses* with his witte?
Or *Ianus* who had all foresight?
Or chast *Hypolit* scape the pitte?
Could *Cresus* with his bagges of golde?
Or *Irus* with his hungrie paine?
Or *Signus* through his hardinesse bolde?
Driue backe the dayes of Death againe.

Seeing no man then can Death escape,
Nor hire him hence for any gaine:
We ought not feare his carraine shape,
He onely brings euell men to paine.
If thou haue ledde thy life aright,
Death is the ende of miserie:
If thou in God hast thy delight,
Thou diest to liue eternallie.

Eache wight therefore while he liues heere,
Let him thinke on his dying day:
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheere,
Let him accompt he must away.
This thought, makes man to God a frend,
This thought doth banish pride and sinne:
This thought doth bring a man in thend,
Where he of Death the field shall win.

39 *All thinges ar Vaine.*

ALthough the purple morning, bragges in brightnes of the ſunne,
As though he had of chaſed night, a glorious conqueſt wonne:
The Time by day, giues place againe to force of drowſie night,
And euery creature is conſtraind, to chaunge his luſtie plight.
Of pleaſures all, that heere we taſte:
We feele the contrary at laſte.

In ſpring, though pleaſant *Zephirus*, hath frutefull earth inſpired,
And nature hath each buſhe, each branch, with bloſſomes braue attired:
Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and blomes, full quickly witherd be,
When ſtormie Winter comes to kill, the Somers iolitie.
By Time are gotte, by Time are loſt
All things, wherein we pleaſure moſt.

Although the Seas ſo calmely glide, as daungers none appeare,
And dout of ſtormes, in ſkie is none, king *Phebus* ſhines ſo cleare:
Yet when the boiſtrous windes breake out, and raging waues do ſwel,
The ſeely barke now heaues to heauen, now ſinkes againe to hel.
Thus chaunge in euery thing we ſee,
And nothing conſtant, ſeemes to bee.

Who floweth moſt in worldly wealth, of wealth is moſt vnſure,
And he that cheefely taſtes of ioy, doth ſometime woe indure:
Who vaunteth moſt of numbred frends, forgoe them all he muſt,
The faireſt fleſh and liueleſt bloud, is turnd at length to duſt.
Experience geues a certaine grounde,
That certen heere, is nothing founde.

Then truſt to that which aye remaines, the bliſſe of heauens aboue,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Winde, nor Stormе, is able to remoue:
Truſt to that ſure celeſtiall rocke, that reſtes in glorious throne,
That hath bene, is, and muſt be ſtill, our anker holde alone.
The world is but a vanitie,
In heauen ſeeke we our ſuretie.

Finis. F. K.

37 *A vertuous Gentle woman in the praiſe of hir Loue.*

I Am a Virgine faire and free, and freely doe reioyce,
I ſweetely warble ſugred notes, from ſiluer voyce:
For which delightfull ioyes, yet thanke I curteſie loue,
By whoſe allmightie power, ſuch ſweete delites I proue,

I walke the pleasant fieldes, adornd with liuely greene,
And view the fragrant flowres, most louely to be seene:
The purple Columbine, the Cousloppe and the Lillie,
The Violet sweete, the Daizie and Daffadillie.

The Woodbines on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,
And eache fine flowres else, that rendreth sweete delite:
Among the which I choose, all those of seemeliest grace,
In thought, resembling them to my deare louers face.

His louely face I meane, whose golden flouring giftes,
His euer liuing Fame, to loftie skie vplifte:
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue, all onely care I take.

Of all which freshe faire flowers, that flowre that doth appeare
In my conceit most like to him I holde so deare.
I gather it, I kisse it, and eake deuise with it,
Suche kinde of liuely speeche, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowres, I make a garland fine,
With which my golden wyer heares, together I doe twine:
And sette it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer still in sight.

For as in goodly flowres, myne eyes great pleasure finde,
So are my louers gyftes, most pleasant to my minde:
Upon which vertuous gyftes, I make more sweete repast,
Then they that for loue sportes, the sweetest ioyes doo tast.

Finis. M. K.

38. *Oppressed with sorowe, he wysheth death.*

IF Fortune may enforce, the carefull hart to cry,
And gripyng greefe constrayne, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne, hath greater cause then I,
Against whose hard mishap, both Heauen and Earth are bent.

For

For whom no helpe remaynes, for whom no hope is left:
From whom all happy happes is fled, and pleasure quite bereft.
Whose lyfe nought can prolong, whose health nought can assure:
Whose death, oh pleasant port of peace, no creature can procure.
Whose passed proofe of pleasant ioy,
Mischaunce hath chaunged, to greefes anoy:
And loe, whose hope of better day,
Is ouerwhelmd with long delay.
Oh hard mishap.
Eache thing I plainely see, whose vertues may auayle,
To ease the pinching payne, which gripes the groning wyght:
By Philickes sacred skill, whose rule dooth seldome fayle,
Though labours long inspect, is playnely brought to lyght.
I knowe, there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rynde,
No hearbe, no plant, no iuyce, no gumme, no mettal deepely mind:
No Pearle, no Precious stone, ne Ieme of rare effect,
Whose vertues, learned *Gallens* bookes, at lardge doo not detect.
Yet all theyr force can not appease,
The furious fyttes of my disease,
Nor any druggeof Philickes art,
Can ease the greefe, that gripes my hart.
Oh straunge disease.
I heare the wyse affyrme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousand secrete salues, which Wysdome hath outfound:
To coole the scorching heate of euery smarting sore:
And healeth deepest scarre, though greeuous be the wound.
The auncient prouerbe sayes, that none so festred greefe,
Dooth grow, for which the gods them selues, haue not ordeynd releefe.
But I by proofe doo knowe, such prouerbes to be vayne,
And thinke that Nature neuer knewe, the plague which I sustayne.
And so not knowyng my distresse,
Hath leaft my greefe remedilesse,
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care.
Oh lasting payne.
By chaunge of ayre I see, by haute of healthfull soyle,
By dyet duely kept, grose humours are expeld:

I know that greefes of minde, and inward heartes turmoile,
By faithfull frendes aduise, in time may be repeld.
Yet all this nought auailes, to kill that me anoyes,
I meane to stoppe these floudes of care, that ouerflow my ioyes.
No none exchaunge of place, can chaunge my luckleſſe lot,
Like one I liue, and so must die, whome Fortune hath forgot.
No counsell can preuaile with mee,
Nor sage aduise with greefe agree:
For he that feeles the paines of hell,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell.
Oh deepe despaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauaile reapes no gaine,
The wearyed Horse and Ore, in stall and stable rest:
The Ante with sommers toyle, beares out the winters paine,
The Fowle that flies all day, at night retournes to rest.
The Ploughmans weary worke, amid the winters mire,
Rewarded is with somers gaine, which yeeldes him double hire:
The sillye laboring soule, which drudges from day to day,
At night, his wages truely paide, contented goth his way.
And comming home, his drowsie hed
He cowcheth close in homely bed:
Wherein no sooner downe he lies,
But sleepe hath straight possest his eyes.
Oh happie man.

The Souldier biding long, the brunt of mortall warres,
Where life is neuer free, from dint of deadly foyle:
At last comes ioyfull home, though mangled all with scarres,
Where frankly, voyde of feare, he spendes the gotten spoyle.
The Pirate lying long, amidde the fooming floodes,
With euery flawe in hazard is, to loose both life and goodes.
At length findes view of land, where wished Porte he spies,
Which once obtained, among his mates, he partes the gotten prise.
Thus euery man, for trauaile past,
Doth reape a iust reward at last:
But I alone, whose troubled minde,
In seeking rest, vnrest doth finde.
Oh luckleſſe lotte.

Oh curſſed

Oh curſſed caitife wretche, whoſe heauie harde miſhappe,
Doth wiſh tenne thouſande times, that thou hadſt not bene borne:
Since fate hathe thee condemned, to liue in ſorrowes lappe.
Where waylinges waſte thy life, of all redreſſe forlorne.
What ſhall thy griefe appeaſe? who ſhall thy torment ſtay?
Wilt thou thy ſelfe, with murthering handes, enforce thy owne decay?
No, farre be thou from me, my ſelfe to ſtoppe my breath,
The gods forbid, whom I beſeeche, to worke my ioyes by death.
For lingering length of lothed life,
Doth ſtirre in mee ſuch mortall ſtrife:
That whiles for life and death I crie,
In Death I liue, and liuing die.
Oh froward fate.

Loe heere my hard miſhappe, loe heere my ſtraunge diſeaſe,
Loe heere my deepe deſpaire, loe heere my laſting paine:
Loe heere my froward fate, which nothing can appeaſe.
Loe heere how others toyle, rewarded is with gaine.
While luckeleſſe, loe, I liue in loſſe of labours due,
Compeld by proofe of torment ſtrong, my endleſſe greefe to rue.
In which, ſince needes I muſt, conſume both youth and age
If olde I liue, and that my care no comfort can aſſwage.
Henceforth I baniſhe from my breſt,
All fruſtrate hope of fu'ure reſt,
And truthleſſe truſt to times reward,
With all reſpectes of ioyes regard,
Here I forſweare.

39 *Where reaſon makes requeſt, there wiſedome ought ſupplie,*
With friendly anſwere preſt, to graunt or elſe denie.

I Sigh? why ſo? for ſorrowe of her ſmart.
I mone? wherfore? for greefe that ſhee complaines.
I pitie? what? her ouerpreſſed hart.
I dread? what harme? the daunger ſhee ſuſtaines,
I greeue? where at? at her oppreſſing paines.
I feele? what force? the fittes of her diſeaſe,
Whoſe harme doth me and her, alike diſpleaſe.

I hope, what happe? her happy healthes retyre,
I wishe, what wealth? no wealth, nor worldly store
But craue, what craft? by cunnyng to aspyre
Some skyll, whereto? to salue her sickly sore.
What then? why then would I her health restore,
Whose harme me hurtes, howe so? so woorkes my wyll
To wyshe my life and her, lyke good and yll.

What moues the mind, whereto? to such despyre
No force, no fauour, what then? free fancies choyse:
Art thou to choose? my charter to require
Eache Ladyes loue is fred by customes voyce,
Yet are there graunted, the euidence of theyr choyse.
What then, our freedome is at lardge in choosyng,
As womens willes are froward in refusing.

Wotes she thy wyll? she knowes what I protest,
Daynde she thy sute? she daungerd not my talke:
Gaue she consent? she graunted my request,
What dydst thou craue? the roote, the frute, or stalke,
I asked them all, what gaue she, Cheese, or chalke?
That taste must try, what taste? I meane the proofe
Of freendes, whose wyls withhold her bowe aloofe.

Meanst thou good fayth? what els, hopest thou to speede?
Why not, O foole vntaught in carpet trade,
Knowest not what proofes from such delayes proceede,
Wylt thou like headles Cocke be caught in glade?
Art thou like Asse, too apt for burden made?
Fy, fy, wyl thou for saint adore the shrine?
And woo her freend, eare she be wholy thine?

Who drawes this drift? moued she, or thou this match?
Twas I: oh foole, vnware of womens wyles,
Long mayst thou wayte, like hungry houndes at hatche,
Ere crafty Fox, the seely Goose beguiles.

Thy

Thy ſute is ſhaped ſo fyt for long delay,
That ſhee at wyll may chek, from yea to nay,

But in good ſoothe, tell me her frendes intent:
Beſt learne it firſt, their purpoſe I not knowe,
Why then thy will to wooꝛſe and woꝛſe is bent,
Doſt thou delight, the vnkindled cole to blowe?
Oꝛ childelike loueſt, in anckred bote to roꝛwe,
What meane theſe termes? who ſith thy ſute is ſuch,
Know of oꝛ on, oꝛ thou afect to much.

No haſte but good, why no, the meane is beſt,
Admit ſhee loue, miſlike in lingring growes:
Suppoſe ſhee is caught, then Woodcocke on thy creſt,
Till end approues, what ſkoꝛnefull ſedes ſhee ſowes.
In loytring loue, ſuch dangers ebbes and flowes,
What helpe herein? why wake in dangerous watch,
That too, noꝛ fro, may make thee marre the match:

Is that the way to ende my wery wooꝛke?
By quicke diſpatch, to leſſon long turmoyle,
Well well, thongh loſſe in lingering wontes to lurke,
And I a foole, moſt fitte to take the foyle:
Yet pꝛoofe from pꝛomiſe, neuer ſhall recoyle.
My wooꝛdes with deedes, and deedes with wooꝛdes ſhal wend,
Tyll ſhee, oꝛ hers, gayneſay that I entend.

Art thou ſo fond? not fond, but firmely faſt,
Why foole, her freendes wote how thy wyl is bent:
Yet thou lyke doult, whoſe witte and ſenſe is paſt,
Seſt not what frumpes, doo folowe thy entent.
Me knowe, how loue in lewe of ſkoꝛne is lent,
Adewe, ſoꝛ ſightes ſuch folly ſhould pꝛeuent.
Well well, their ſkoffes with ſcoꝛnes might be repaid,
If my requeſtes were fully yead oꝛ nayd.

Well, well, let theſe with wiſedomes paſſe be waide,
And in your cheſt of cheefeſt ſecreates laide.
What is, or may be mine,
That is, and ſhall be thine:
Till death the twiſt vntwine,
That doth our loues combine.
But if thy heart repine,
Thy body ſhould be mine.
Shew me thereof ſome ſine,
That I may ſlacke the line,
That knitts thy will to mine.

Finis. My Lucke is loſſe.

40 *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos,*
Nullus ad amiſſus ibit amicus opes.

EVen as the Rauen, the Crowe, and greedie Kite
Doe ſwarming flocke, where carren corpes doth fall:
And tiring teare with beake and talentes might,
Both ſkin and fleſhe to gorge their guttes withall.
And neuer ceaſe, but gather moe to moe,
Doe all to pull the carkaſe too and froe,
Till bared bones at laſt they leaue behinde,
And ſeeke elſewhere, ſome fatter foode to finde.

Euen ſo I ſee, where wealth doth waxe at will,
And Golde doth growe to heapes of great encreaſe:
There frendes reſort, and proffering frendſhip ſtill,
Full thicke they throng, with neuer ceaſing preaſe.
And ſtill make a ſhew of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inwarde hate is ment:
For when miſchaunce ſhall chaunge ſuch wealth to waine,
They packe them thence, to place of richer haunt.

Finis. My Lucke is loſſe.

41. *What ioye to a contented mynde.*

THe faithe that failes, must nedes be thought vntrue,
The frende that faines, who holdeth not vniust,
Who likes that loue, that chaungeth still for newe:
Who hopes for truthe, where trothe is voide of trust,
No faithe, no frende, no loue, no trothe so sure,
But rather failes then stedfastly endure.

What head so staied: that altereth not intent,
What thought so sure: that stedfast doeth remaine,
What witte so wise: that neuer nedes repent:
What tonge so true: but sometyme wonts to faine,
What foote so firme: that neuer treads awrie,
What soner dimde: then sight of clereste eye.

What harte so firt: but some enclines to change,
What moode so milde: that neuer moued debate:
What faithe so strong: but lightly likes to range,
What loue so true: that neuer learnde to hate.
What life so pure: that lasts, without offence,
What worldly mynde: but moues with ill pretence.

What knot so fast: that maie not be vntide,
What seale so sure: but fraude or force shall breke:
What prop of staye: but one tyme shrinks aside,
What ship so stauche: that neuer had a leke.
What graunt so large: that no exception maks,
What hoped helpe: but frende at nede forsaks.

What seate so high: but lowe to grounde maie fall,
What hap so good: that neuer founde mislike:
What state so sure: but subiect is to thrall
What force preuailes? where Fortune liste to strike.
What wealth so muche? but tyme maie turne to want,
What store so greate? but wastyng maketh skant.

What profites hope in depth of dangers thrall,
What ruste in tyme, but waxeth worse and worse:
What helpes good harte, if Fortune frowne withall,
What blessyng thriues, gainst heauenly helples curse.
What winnes desire, to get and can not gaine,
What botes to wishe and neuer to obtaine.

Finis. *My lucke is losse.*

42. *Amantium iræ amoris redintigratia est.*

IN goyng to my naked bedde, as one that would haue slept,
I heard a wife syng to her child, that long before had wept:
She sighed sore and sang full sore, to bryng the babe to rest,
That would not rest but cried still, in suckyng at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watche, and greued with her child,
She rocked it and rated it, vntill on her it smilde:
Then did she saie now haue I founde, the prouerbe true to proue,
The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.

Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke, this prouerbe for to write,
In regester for to remaine, of suche a worthie wight:
As she proceded thus, in song vnto her little bratte,
Muche matter vttered she of waight, in place whereas she satte.
And proued plaine, there was no beast, nor creature bearyng life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discorde and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.

She saied that neither kyng ne prince, ne lorde could liue aright,
Untill their puissance thei did proue, their manhode & their might
When manhode shalbe matched so, that feare can take no place,
Then wearie works makes warriours, eche other to embrace.
And leaue their force that failed thē, whiche did consume the rout,
That might before haue liued their tyme, and nature out:
Then did she syng as one that thought, no man could her reprooue,
The fallyng out of faithfull frendes, is the renuyng of loue.

She

She saied she sawe no fishe ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
That met a straunger in their kinde, but could geue it a taunt:
Since flesshe might not indure, but reste must wrathe succede,
And force the fight to fall to plaie, in pasture where thei feede.
So noble nature can well ende, the works she hath begone,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedy in some:
Thus in her songe she oft reherst, as did her well behoue,
The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.

I meruaile muche pardy quoth she, for to beholde the route,
To see man, woman, boy & beast to tosse the worlde about: (ly smile
Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some check, & some cã smoth
And some embrace others in armes, and there thinke many a wile.
Some stande aloufe at cap and knee, some humble and some stout,
Yet are thei neuer frends indeede, vntill thei once fall out:
Thus ended she her song, and saied before she did remoue,
The fallyng out of faithfull frends, is the renuyng of loue.

M. Edwardes.

43. Thinke to dye.

The life is long, whiche lothsomely doeth laste,
The delfull daies drawe slowly to their date:
The present panges, and painfull plags forepast,
Yelds greffe aye grene, to stablishe this estate.
So that I feele in this greate storme and strife,
That death is sweete, that shorteneth suche a life.

And by the stroke of this straunge ouerthrowe,
All whiche conflict in thraldome I was thrust:
The Lorde be praised, I am well taught to knowe,
From whens man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the waie, vpon how feble force,
His terme doeth stande, till death doeth ende his course.

The pleasant yeres that semes so swetely ronne,
The merie daies to ende so fast that flete:
The ioyfull wights, of whiche daies dawes so sone,

The happie howrs, whiche mo doe misse then mete.
Doe all consume as snowe against the Sonne,
And death maks ende of all that life begonne.

Since death shall dure till all the worlde be wast,
What meaneth man, to dread death then so sore:
As man might make, that life should alwaie last,
Without regard, the Lorde hath ledde before.
The daunce of death, whiche all must runne on rowe,
The howre wherein onely hym self doeth knowe.

If man would mynde, what burdens life doeth bryng,
What greuous crimes to God, he doeth commit:
What plagues, what panges, what perill thereby spryng,
With no sure howre in all his daies to sit.
He would sure thinke, and with greate cause I doo,
The daie of death is happier of the twoo.

Death is the dooze whereby we drawe to ioye,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in paine:
Death is so dole it seaseth all awaie,
Life is so leude that all it yelds is vaine.
And as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by death is freedome like wise wrought.

Wherefore with Paule, let all men wishe and praie,
To be dissolued of this foule fleshly masse:
Or at the least be armed against the daie,
That thei be founde good souldiers prest to passe.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And suche a life as euer shall remaine.

Finis. D. S.

44. *Beyng asked the occasion of his white head, he answereth thus.*

WHere sethyng sighes and sower sobbs,
Hath slaine the slipps that nature sett:

And

And ſkaldyng ſhowers with ſtonie throbbs,
The kindly ſappe from them hath fett.
What wonder then though you doe ſee,
Upon my head white heeres to bee.

Where thought hath thrild and throne his ſpeares,
To hurt the harte that harmth hym not:
And gronyng grief hath grounde for the teares,
Myne eyne to ſtaine my face to ſpot.
What wonder then though you doe ſee,
Upon my head white heeres to bee.

Where pinchyng paine hym ſelf hath plaſte,
There peace with pleaſures were poſſeſt:
And walles of wealth are fallen to waſte,
And pouertie in them is preſt.
What wonder then, though you doe ſee,
Upon my head white heeres to bee.

Where wretched woe doeth weaue her webbe,
There care the clewe, can catche and caſte:
And floudds of ioye are fallen to ebbe
So loe, that life maie not long laſte.
What wonder then, though you doe ſee,
Upon my head white heeres to bee.

These heeres of age are meſſengers,
Whiche bidd me, faſt repent and praie:
Thei be of death the harbingers,
That doeth prepare, and dreſſe the waie.
Wherefore I loye, that you maie ſee,
Upon my head ſuche heeres to bee.

Thei be the line that lead the length,
How farre my race was for to ronne:
Thei ſaie my pongth is fledde with ſtrength,
And how old age, is well begonne.

The whiche I feele, and you maie see,
Upon my head suche lines to bee.

Thei be the stryngs of sober sounde,
Whose Musicke is hermonicall:
Their tunes declare, a tyme from groundr
I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I iope that you maie see,
Upon my head suche stryngs to bee.

God graunt to those that white heeres haue,
No worse them take, then I haue ment:
That after thei be laied in graue,
Their soules maie ioye their liues well spent,
God graunt likewise that you maie see,
Upon my head suche heeres to bee.

Finis. L. V.

I Would to God I were Acteon, that Diana did disguise,
To walke the Forest vp and doune, whereas my ladie lies:
An Harte of heere and hewe, I wishe that I were so,
So that my Ladie knewe me, onely and no mo.
The shalyng Nutts and Waste, that falleth from the tree,
Should well suffice for my repast, might I my ladie see:
It should not greue me, there in frost, to lye vpon the grounde,
Delite should easly quite the coste, what euill so that I founde.
Sometyme that I might saie, when I sawe her alone,
Beholde, see yonder slaue aldaie, that walketh the woodds alone.

Finis. M. B.

WHy should I lenger long to liue,
In this desease of fantasie,
Sins fortune doeth not cease to giue,
Things to my mynde moste contrarie.
And at my ioyes doeth lowre and froune,
Till she hath tourned them vpsidoune.

Affrende

Affrende I had to me moste dere,
And of long tyme faithfull and iuste:
There was no one, my harte so nere,
Nor one in whom I had more truste.
Whom now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemie.

The grasse me thinks should growe in skie
The starres, vnto the yearth cleaue faste:
The water streame should passe awrie,
The winds should leue their strēgt of blast.
The Sonne and Moone by one assent,
Should bothe forsake the firmament.

The fishe in ayer should flie with finne,
The foules in floud should bryng forth fry
All thyngs me thinks should erst beginne,
To take their course vnnaturally.
Afore my frende should alter so,
Without a cause to bee my foe.

But suche is Fortunes hate I saie,
Suche is her will on me to wreake:
Suche spite she hath at me alwaie,
And ceasseth not my harte to breake.
With suche dispite of crueltie,
Wherefore then longer liue should I.

Finis. E. S.

47. *Prudens. The historie of Damacles, & Dionise.*

Whoso is set in princly trone, and craueth rule to beare,
Is still beset on euery side, with perill and with feare.
High trees by stormie winds are shakt, & rent vp frō the
and flashy flaks of lightnings flames on turrets do roboūd (groūd
When little shrubs in sauetie lurke, in couert all alowe.

And

And freshly flourishe in their kynde, what euer winde doe blowe.
The cruell kyng of Scisily, who fearyng Barbars hands,
Was wont to singe his beard hym self, with cole and fire brands.
Hath taught vs this, the proofe whereof, full plainly we maye see.
Was neuer thyng more lively touched to shewe it so to bee.
This kyng did seme to Damacles, to be the happiest wight,
Because he thought none like to hym, in power or in might.
Who did alone so farre excell the rest in his degree,
As doeth the Sunne in brightnes cleare, the darkest starre we see.
Wilt thou (then said this cruell kyng) proue this my present state
Possesse thou shalt this seate of myne, and so be fortunate.
Full gladly then this Damacles, this proferd honour tooke,
And shootyng at a princely life, his quiet rest forsooke.
In honours seate then was he plast, accordyng to his will,
Forthwith a banquet was prepardc, that he might feast his fill.
Nothyng did want wherein twas thought, that he would take de-
To feede his eye, to fill his mouthe, or please the appetite. (lite,
Suche store of plate, I thinke in Greece, there scarsly was so much
His seruitours did Angels seme, their passyng shape was suche.
No daintie dishe but there it was, and thereof was suche store,
That throughout Greece so princly chere, was neuer seen before.
Thus while in pōpe and pleasures seate, this Damacles was plast,
And did beginne with gladsome harte, eche daintie dishe to taste.
At length by chaunce cast vp his eyes, and gan the house to vewe,
And sawe a sight that hym enforst, his princly state to rewe.
A swoorde forsoth with dounward point, that had no stronger thred
Then one horse heere that peised it, direct vpon his head.
Wherewith he was so sore amasde, and shooke in euery parte,
As though the swoorde that hong aboue, had stroke hym to the hart
Then all their pleasures toke their leaue, & sorowe came in place,
His beaute harte the teares declared, that trickled doune his face.
And then forthwith with sobbing voice, besought ỹ king of grace,
That he would licens hym with speede, to depart out of that place.
And saied that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
What tis to be a happie man, and princly rule to beare.
This deede of thyne oh Dionise, deserues immortall fame, (shame.
This deede shall alwaies liue with praise, though thou didst liue w

Whereby

Whereby bothe kyngs be put in minde, their dangers to be great
And ſubiects be forbid to clime, high ſtepps of honours ſeate.

Finis.

48. Fortitude. A yong man of Ægipt, and Valerian.

EChe one deſerues great praiſe to haue, but yet not like I think,
Bothe he that can ſuſtain the yoke of paines, & doeth not ſhrink
And he whom *Cupids* couert crafte, can nothyng moue at all,
Into the harde and tangled knotts, of *Venus* ſnares to fall.
Beſturre you then who ſo delights, in vertues race to ronne,
The fliyng hope with bowe ibent, by ſtrength to ouercome.
As one did once when he was yong, and in his tender daies,
Whoſe ſtout and noble deede of his, hath got immortall praiſe.
The wicked Romaines did purſue, the ſely Chriſtians than,
What tyme Valerian Emperour was, a wicked cruell man.
Who ſpared not with bloudy draughts, to quẽche his owne deſire
Diſpatchyng all that ſtucke to Chriſt, with hotte conſumyng fire.
At length a man, of tender yeres, was brought before his ſight,
Suche one as Nature ſemed to make, a witneſſe of her might.
For euery parte ſo well was ſet, that nothyng was depraued,
So that the cruell kyng hym ſelf, would gladly haue hym ſaued.
So loth he was to ſee a woorke, ſo rare of Naturs power,
So finely built ſo ſodainly, deſtroied within an hower.
Then meanes he ſought to ouercome, or winne hym at the leſt,
To ſlip from Chriſte, whom he before had earneſtly profeſt.
A bedde prepard, ſo finely deckt, ſuche diuers pleaſaunt ſmels,
That well it might appeare a place, where pleaſure onely dwells.
By hym he laied a naked wenche, a *Venus* darlyng ſure,
With ſugred ſpeache & louely toyes, that might his minde allure.
Such wanton lewres as theſe he thought, might eaſly him entiſe,
Which things he knewe ẅ luſtie youth, had alwaies been in priſe.
Suche waies I thinke the Gods them ſelues, could haue inuented
For flatteryng *Venus* ouercoms, the ſenſes euery chone, (none,
And he hym ſelf was euen at point, to *Venus* to conſent,
Had not his ſtout and manly mynde, reſiſted his entent.
When he perceiued his fleſhe to yelde, to pleaſures wanton toyes,

And was by sleight almoste prouoked, to tast of *Venus* ioyes.
More cruell to hym self then those, that glad would hym vndoo,
With bloudie tooth his tēder tong, bote quite and cleane in twoo.
Thus was the paine so passyng greate of this his bloudie bitte,
That all the fire and carnall lust, was quenched euery whitte.
Doe ill and all thy pleasures then, full sone will passe awaie,
But yet the shame of those thy deedes, will neuermore decaie.
Do well & though thy paines be great, yet sone eche one wil cease,
But yet, the praise of those thy deedes will euermore increase.

Finis.

49. *Iustice. Zaleuch and his Sonne.*

LEt rulers make most perfect lawes, to rule both great & smal
If they them selues obeye them not, it boteth not at all.
As lawes be nought but rulers dome, cōteining egall might,
So rulers should be speakyng lawes, to rule by line of right.
Zaleuch the Prince of *Locrine* once, appointed by decree,
Eche lecherer should be punished, with losse of either eye.
His sonne by chaunce offended first, whiche when his father sawe,
Lorde God how earnest then was he, to execute the lawe.
Then ran the people all by flocks, to hym with weppyng eyes,
Not one emong the rout therewas, but pardon, pardon cries.
By whose anteries and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did stande,
That he thereby should then obtaine, some pardon at his hande.
But all in vaine for he is founde, to be the man he was.
And maketh hast so muche the more, to haue the lawe to passe.
The people yet renued their sute, in hope of some relief,
Whose faces all bespyent with teares, did testifie their grief.
And cried all for pities sake, yelde now to our request,
If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the paine at lest.
Then somewhat was the father moued, with all the peoples voice
And euery man did giue a shoote, to shewe they did reioyce.
Well then quoth he it shalbe thus, the lawe shalbe fulfilde.
And yet my sonne shall fauour haue, accordyng as you wilde.
One eye of his shalbe pulde out, thus hath his leudnesse got,
And likewise so shall one of myne, though I deserue it not.

This

This worde no soner was pronoũcde, but strait ẏ deede was doen,
Twoo eyes, no mo were left, betwene the father and the sonne.
Saie now who can, and on my faithe *Apollo* he shalbe,
Was he more gentle father now? or iuster Iudge trowe ye.
This man would not his lawes belike, the webbs ẏ spiders weue,
Wherein thei lurke when thei entende, the simple to deceiue.
Wherewith small flies full sone be caught, & tangled ere thei wist,
Whẏn greate ones flie and scape awaie, & breake them as thei list.

Finis.

50. Temperaunce. Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.

IF nature beare thee so great loue, ẏ she in thee haue beautie plast
Full harde it is as we doe proue, to kepe the body cleane & chast:
Twixt comelinesse and chastitie,
A deadly strife is thought to be.
For beautie whiche some men suppose to be, as twere a golden ill,
Prouoketh strief and many foes, that seke on her to worke her wil
Assaults to tounes if many make,
No toune so strong but maie be take.
And this *Spurina* witnesse can, who did for beautie beare the bell,
So cleane a wight so comly made, no dame in Rome but loued wel
Not one could cole her hote desire,
So burnyng was the flame of fire. (come,
Like as when baite caste in ẏ floud, forthwith doeth cause the fishes
That pleasantly before did plaie, now presently to death to runne.
For when thei see the baite to fall,
Straight waie thei swallowe hooke and all.
So when *Spurina* thei did see, to hym thei flocked out of hande,
She happest dame was thought to be, that in his fauour moste did
Not knowyng vnder sweete deceits, (stande.
How *Venus* hids her poysoned baits. (chain,
But whē he sawe them thus to rage, whom loue had linked in his
This means he sought for to aswage, these ladies of their greuous
His shape intendyng to disgrace, (pain.
With many wounds he skotch his face.

By whiche his deede it came to passe, ꝑ he ꝑ semed an angel bright
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, ꝑ he became a lothsom wight.
And rather had be foule and chast,
Then faire, and filthie ioyes to tast.
What pen cã write, or tõg expresse, ꝑ worthy praises of this deede,
My think that God can do no lesse, then graunt him heauen for his meede.
Who for to saue hym self vpright,
Hym self hath first destroyed quite.

Finis q. F. M.

51. A bunche of herbes and flowers.

IF ẏ eche flower, the godds haue framed, are shapt by sacred skill
Were as I would (no wrong to wishe) e mync to weare at will.
Or els eche tree, with lustie top, would lende me leaue to loue,
With spriggs displaied to spread my sute, a wailing hart to proue
Upon my helme sone should you see, my hedde aduaunced hie,
Some slipp for solace there to sett, and weare the same would I.
Yet would I not for greate delight, the Daises strange desire,
The Lillie would not like my lust nor Rose would I require.
The Marigould might growe for me, Rosemary well might reste,
The Fenell to that is more fit, for some vnfrendly gest.
Nor Cowslopps would I craue at all, sometymes thei seme to coy
Some ioly youth the Gelliflower, estemeth for his ioye.
The Lauender sometymes aloft, alures the lookers eyes,
The Paunsie shall not haue the praise, where I may geue the prise
And thus no flower my fansie feeds, as liketh so my luste,
As that I maie subiect my self, to toyes of tickle truste.
For flowers though thei be faire and fresh, of sent excelling swete
Yet growe thei on the ground belowe, we tred them with our fete
And shall I then goe stoupe to suche: or els go seke to those,
Shall flowers enforse me once to faune, for feare of frẽds or foes.
Yet rather yelde I to the right, as reason hath assignde,
Wyne authour saied there was no salue, in flowers for me to finde.
And yet perhapps some tree there is, to shroud me frõ the shower,
That with her armes maie salue ẏ soule, that yeldeth to her power.

Eche

Where I maie finde some pleasant shade, to salue me frō the sonne
Eche thyng to rest that reason hath, vnto the trees doe runne.
Bothe men & beastes suche toules as fly, the treasures are the trees
And for my part when braunches fall, I wishe no other fees.
But whē that stormes belet me round, suche succor God me sende,
That I maie finde a frendly tree, that will me well defende.
No tree there is whiche yelds no good, to some that doe it seke
And as thei are of diuers kynds, their vses are vnlike.
The Eue tree serues the Bowiers turne, the Ash the Coupers art,
The puisant Oke doeth make the post, the Pine some other part.
The Elme doeth helpe to hide the birds, in wearie winters night,
The Briers I gesse are nothyng worth, thei serue but for despight
The willowe wisht I farre frō hens, good will deserue no wrong,
The Sallowe well maie serue their states, that syng so sad a song.
The Bore and Beche eche for hymself, aboue the reste doeth bosste,
The Eglantine for pleasure oft, is pricked vpon the poste.
The Hauthorne so is had in prise, the Baies doe beare the bell,
And that these Baies did bryng no blisse, I like it not so well.
As erst I doe that semely tree, by whiche those Baies I founde,
And where withall vnwittyngly, I tooke so greate a wounde.
As if the tree by whiche I lent, doeth lende me no relief,
There is no helpe but doune I fall, so greate is growne my grief.
And therefore at the last I craue, this fauour for to finde,
When euery tree that here is told, beginns to growe vnkinde.
The B. for beautie whom I bosste, and shall aboue the rest,
That B. maie take me to her trust, for B. doeth please me best.
It liks me well to walke the waie, where B. doeth kepe her bower
And when it raines to B. I ronne to saue me from the shower.
This braūche of B. whiche here I meane, to kepe I chiefly craue,
At becke vnto this B. I bowe, to serue that beautie braue.
What shall I saie the tyme doeth passe, the tale to tedious is,
Though loth to leaue, yet leaue I must, and saie no more but this,
I wishe this B. I might embrace, when as the same I see,
A league for life then I require, betwene this B. and me.
And though vnworthy, yet good will, doeth worke the waie herein
And B. hath brought the same about, whiche beautie did begin.

Finis.

52. Now mortall man beholde and see, This worlde is but a vanitie.

WHo shall profoundly way or scan, the assured state of man,
Shall well perceiue by reason than:
That where is no stabilitie, remaineth nought but vanitie.

For what estate is there think ye, throughly content w̄ his degre,
Whereby we maie right clerely see:
That in this vale of miserie, remaineth nought but vanitie.

The great men wishe ẏ meane estate, meane men again their state
Old men thinke children fortunate: (doe hate,
Aboye a man would fainest be, thus wandreth man in vanitie.

The cōtrey man doth daily swell, w̄ great desire in court to dwel
The Courtier thinks hym nothyng well:
Till he from court, in countrey be, he wandreth so in vanitie.

The sea doeth tosse ẏ marchāts brains, to wish a farme & leue those pains,
The Farmer gapeth at marchantes gaines:
Thus no man can contented be, he wandreth so in vanitie.

If thou haue lands or goods great store, cōsider thou thy charge ẏ more,
Since thou must make account therefore:
Thei are not thine but lent to thee, and yet thei are but vanitie.

If thou be strōg or faire of face, sickenes or age doth both disgrace,
Then be not proude in any case:
For how can there more folly be, then for to bost of vanitie.

Now finally be not infect, with worldly cares, but haue respect,
How God rewardeth his true electe:
With glorious felicitie: free from all worldly vanitie.

Finis. M. Thorn.

Where

53. *In commendation of Musick.*

WHere gripyng griefe the hart would wound & dolfull domps thē oppresse
There Musick with her sluer soūd, is wont with spede to giue redresse,
Of troubled minde for euery sore, swete Musick hath a salue therfore.

In ioye it maks our mirth abound, in griefe it chers our heauy spyrights,
The carefull head release hath found, by Musicks pleasant swete delig hts
Our sences, what should I saie more, are subiect vnto Musicks lore.

The Godds by Musick hath their praie, the foule therein doeth ioye,
For as the Romaine Poets saie, in seas whom Pirats would destroye,
A Dolphin saued from death moste sharpe, Arion playyng on his harpe.

A heauenly gift, that turnes the minde, like as the sterne doth rule the ship,
Musick whom the Gods assignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,
Sith thou both mā & beast doest moue, what wiseman then wil thee reproue.

Finis M Edwards.

WHen sage *Vlisses* sailed by,
The perillous seas, where *Cirens* syng:
Hym self vnto the mast did tye,
Lest their allurying tunes might bryng,
His mynde on maze and make hym staie,
And he with his become their praie.

Vlisses O thou valiant wight,
It semed dame *Circes* loued thee well:
What tyme she told, to thee aright.
The seas wherein the *Sirens* dwell.
By meane where, against thy saile,
Their subtill songes, could not preuaile.

Were thou amongs vs here againe,
And heard our *Sirens* melodie:
Not *Circes* skill nor yet thy braine,
Could kepe thee from their trecherie.
Suche *Sirens* haue we now adaies,
That tempt vs by a thousande waies.

Yet

Thei ſyng thei daunce, thei ſporte, thei plaie
Thei humbly fall vpon their knees:
Thei ſigh, thei ſobb, thei prate, thei praie,
With ſuche diſſemblyng ſhifts as theſe,
Thei calculate, thei chaunt, thei charme,
To conqnere vs that meane no harme.

Good ladies all letts ioyne in one,
And baniſhe cleane this *Siren* kinde:
What nede we yelde, to heare their mone,
Since their deceipt we daiely finde.
Let not your harts to them apply,
Defie them all for ſo will I.

And if where *Circes* now doeth dwell,
You wiſht you witt aduiſe, to learne:
Loe I am ſhe that beſt can tell,
Their *Sirens* ſonges and them diſcerne.
For why experience yeldeth ſkill,
To me that ſcapt that *Sirens* ill.

Finis. M. Bew.

55. Findyng no ioye, he deſireth death.

THe Cony in his caue, the Feret doeth anoye,
And fleyng thence his life to ſaue, him ſelf he doeth deſtroye.
His Berrie rounde about beſett, with hunters ſnares,
So that when he to ſcape ſtarts out, is caught therein vnwares,
Like choiſe poore man haue I to bide and reſt in loue,
Or els from thence to ſtart, and ſtill as bad a death to proue.

I ſee, in loue to reſt, vnkindneſſe doeth purſue,
To rent the harte out of his breaſt, whiche is a louer true.
And if from loue I ſtarte, as one that loue forſaks,
Then penſiue thoughts my harte doeth perſe, & ſo my life it taks.
Thus then to fly or bide, harde is the choiſe to chuſe,
Since death hath cāpde, & trcāhed eche ſide, & ſaith life now refuſe

Content

Content I am therefore, my life therein to spende,
And death I take a salue for sore, my wearie daies to ende.
And thus I you request, that faithfull loue profesſe,
When carcas cased is in cheſt, and bodie laied on hears.
Your brinishe teares to saue, suche as my corse shall moue,
And therewith write vpon my graue, behold the force of loue.

W. H.

Hope well and haue well.

IN hope the Shipman hoiseth saile, in hope of passage good,
In hope of health the sickly man, doeth suffer losse of bloud.
In hope the prisoner linckt in chaines, hopes libertie to finde,
Thus hope breds helth & helth breds ease, to euery troubled mynd.

In hope desire getts victorie, in hope greate comforts springs,
In hope the louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull stynges:
In hope we liue and maie abide, suche stormes as are assignde,
Thus hope breds helth, & helth breds ease, to euery troubled mind.

In hope we easely suffer harme, in hope of future tyme,
In hope of fruite, the pain semes swete, that to the tree doeth clime
In hope of loue suche glory growes, as now by prose I finde:
That hope breds helth, & helth breds ease to euery troubled minde.

W. H.

He repenteth his folly.

WHē first mine eyes did vew, & marke thy beutie faire for to behold,
And whē myne eares, gan first to harke, the pleasant words þ thou
I would as thē I had been free, frō eares to heare, & eyes to se (me told

And when my hands did handle oft, that might thee kepe in memorie,
And when my feete had gone so softe, to finde and haue thy companie,
I would eche hande a foote had been, and eke eche foote, a hand so seen.

And when in minde I did consent, to followe thus my fansies will,
And when my harte did first relent, to taste suche baite my self to spill,
I would my harte had been as thine, or els thy harte as soft as myne.

The̅ should not I suche cause haue fou̅d, to wish this mo̅strus sight to se,
Ne thou alas that madest the wounde, should not deny me remedy,
Then should one will in bothe remain, to grau̅t one hart whiche now is twaine.

W. H.

He requesteth some friendly comfort assurynge his constancie.

THe mountaines hie whose lofti tops, doeth mete the hautie sky
The craggie rocke that to the sea, free passage doeth deny,
The aged Oke that doeth resist, the force of blustryng blast,
The pleasaunt herbe that cuery where, a fragrant smell doeth cast.
The Lyons force whose courage stout, declares a princlike might,
The Eagle that for worthinesse, is borne of kyngs in sight:
The Serpent eke whose poisoned waies, doeth belche out venim vile,
The lothsome Tode that shunneth light, and liueth in exile.
These these I saie and thousands more, by trackt of tyme decaie,
And like to tyme doe quite consume, and vade from forme to claie:
But my true harte and seruice bowed, shall last tyme out of minde,
And still remaine as thine by dome, as *Cupid* hath assignde.
My faithe loe here I bowe to thee, my trothe thou knowest right well,
My goods my frends, my life is thine, what nede I more to tell:
I am not myne but thine I bowe, thy hests I will obeye,
And serue thee as a seruaunt ought, in pleasyng if I maie:
And sith I haue no fliyng wings, to see thee as I wishe,
Ne finnes to cut the siluer streames, as doeth the glidyng fishe.
Wherefore leaue now forgetfulnesse, and sende againe to me,
And straine thy azured baines to write, that I maie greetyng see:
And thus farewell more deare to me, then chiefest frende I haue,
Whose loue in harte I minde to shrine, till death his fee doe craue.

M. Edwards.

Shall

He complaineth his mishapp.

Shall rigor raigne where youth hath ron, shall fansie now forsake,
Shall fortune lose that fauour wonne, shall not your anger slake:
Shall hatefull harte be had in you, that frendly did pretende,
Shall slipper thoughts and faithe vntrue, that harte of yours defende

Shall nature shewe your beautie faire, that gentle semes to be,
Shall frowardnesse, your fancies ayer, be of more force then she:
Shall now disdaine the dragg of death, direct and leade the waie,
Shall all the imps vpon the yearth, reioyce at my decaie.

Shall this the seruice of my youth, haue suche reward at last,
Shall I receiue rigor for ruth, and be from fauour cast:
Shall I therefore berent my harte, with wights that wishe to dye,
Or shall I bathe my self with teares, to feede your fickle eye.

No no I shall in paine lye still, with Turtle doue moste true,
And bowe my self to witt and will, their counsels, to ensue:
Good Ladies all that louers be, your helpe hereto purtende,
Giue place to witt, let reason seme, your enemie to defende.

Lest that you thinke as I haue thought, your self to striue in vaine,
And so to be in thraldome brought, with me to suffer paine.

Finis. M.H.

No foe to a flatterer.

I Would it were not as I thinke, I would it were not so,
I am not blinde although I winke, I feele what winds doe blowe:
I knowe where craft, with smilyng cheare, creps into bloudy brest,
I heare how fained speache, speaks faire, where hatred is possest,
I se the Serpent lye and lurck, vnder the grene alowe,
I see hym watche a tyme, to worke, his poyson to bestowe.

In frendly looks suche fraude is founde, as faithe for feare is fleade,
And frendship hath receiued suche wounde, as he is almoste deade,
And hatefull harte with malice greate, so boyles in cankerd minde:

That flatteries flearyng in my face, had almoste made me blinde,
But now I see all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
Nor yet suche frends as thei professe, as now by prose I finde.

Though secret spight by craft, hath made a coate of Panters skin,
And thinks to finde me in the shade, by sleight to wrapp me in,
Yet God be praised my eye is cleare, and can beholde the Sonne:
When falshood dares not once appeare, to ende that he begonne,
Thus tyme shall trie the thyng amisse, whiche God sone shortly sende,
And turne the hatte that fained is, to be a faithfull frende.

Finis.

The Spider with greate skill, doeth trauell daie by daie,
His limmes no tyme, lye still to set his house in staie:
And when he hath it wrought, thinkyng therein to raigne,
A blast of winde vnthought, doeth driue it doune againe.

The prose whereof is true, to make his worke indure,
He paines hym self a newe, in hope to dwell more sure:
Or in some secret place, a corner of the wall,
He trauaileth a space, to builde and rest with all.

His pleasure swete to staie, when he to rest is bent,
An vgly shamble Flie, approcheth to his tent:
And there entends by forse, his labours greate to win,
Or els to yelde his corse, by fatall death therein.

Thus is the Spiders nest, from tyme to tyme throwne downe,
And he to labour prest, with endles pains vnknowne:
So suche as louers be, like trauell doe attaine,
Those endles works ye see, aer alwaies full of paine.

W. Hunis.

The subtill sly sleights, that worldly men doe worke,
The frēdly showes vnder whose shade, most craft doth oftē lurke
Enforceth

Enforceth me alas, with pernfull voice to ſaie,
Wo worthe the wily heads that ſeeks, the ſimple mans decaie.

The birde that dreds no guile, is ſoneſt caught in ſnare,
Eche gentle harte deuoide of craft, is ſoneſt brought to care:
Good nature ſoneſt trapt, whiche giues me cauſe to ſaie.
Wo worthe the wily heads that ſeeks, the ſimple mans decaie.

I ſee the ſerpent vile, that lurks vnder the grene,
How ſubtelly he ſhrouds hym ſelf, that he maie not be ſene:
And yet his fosters bane, his leryng looks bewraie,
Wo worthe the wily heads that ſeeks, the ſimple mans decaie.

Wo worthe the fainyng looks, one fauour that doe waite,
Wo worthe the fained frendly harte, that harbours depe deceit:
Wo worthe the Vipers broode, oh thrise wo worthe I ſaie,
All worldly wily heads that ſeeks, the ſimple maus decaie.

Finis. M. Edwards.

WIth painted ſpeache I liſt not proue, my cunnyng for to trie,
Nor yet will vſe to fill my penne, with gilefull flatterie:
With pen in hand and harte in breaſt, ſhall faithfull promiſe make
To loue you beſt, and ſerue you moſte, for your great vertues ſake.

And ſince dame Nature hath you deckt, with gifts aboue the reſt,
Let not diſdaine a harbour finde, within your noble breſt:
For loue hath ledd his lawe alike, to men of eche degree,
So that the begger with the prince, ſhall loue as well as he.

I am no prince I muſt confeſſe, nor yet of princes line,
Nor yet a brutiſhe begger borne, that feeds among the Swine:
The fruite ſhall trie the tree at laſt, the bloſſomes good or no,
Then doe not iudge of me the worſe, till you haue tried me ſo.

As I deſerue, ſo then reward, I make you iudge of all,
If I be falſe in worde or deede, let lightnyng thunder fall:

And furies fell with frantick fitts bereue and stopp my breathe,
For an example to the rest, if I shall breake my faithe.

Finis. M.B.

Trie and then trust.

THe saincte I serue, and haue besought full oft,
Upon my knees, to sende my Goddes good:
With hope did holde, my head sometyme aloft,
And fed my faunyng frende, with daintie foode.
But now I see, that woords are nought but winde,
The sweter meate, the lowzer sauce I finde.

Thus while I helde the Ele by the taile,
I had some hope, yet neuer wanteth feare:
Of double dread, that man can neuer faile,
That will presume to take the Wolfe, by the eare.
I snatche for sothe, muche like to Esops dogg,
I sought for fishe, and alwaies caught a frogg.

Thus did I long bite, on the fompyng bitt,
Whiche found me plaie enough, vnto my paine:
Thus while I loued, I neuer wanted fitt,
But liued by losse, and sought no other gaine.
But why should I mislike with Fortunes fetters,
Since that the like haue hapt vnto my betters.

Richard Hill.

Complainyng to his frende, he replieth wittely.

A. THe fire shall freese, the frost shall frie the frozen mountains hie,
B. what strãge thinges shal dame nature force, to turne her course
A. My Ladie hath me left, and taken a newe man, (awrie.
B. This is not straunge, it happes oft tymes, the truthe to scan.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine,
A. Who thought she would flitt, *B.* the one that hath witt,
A. Is not this straunge, *B.* light loue will chaunge.

By

A. By ſkilfull meanes I her reclaime, to ſtope vnto my luer,
B. Suche hagard haukes will ſoze awaie, of them who can be ſure.
A. With ſiluer bells and hoode, my ioye was her to decke.
B. She was full gozgd, ſhe would the ſoner giue the checke.
A. The moze is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine,
A. Who thought ſhe would flitt, *B.* eche one that hath witt,
A. Is not this ſtraunge, *B.* light loue will chaunge.

A. Her chirping lippes would chirp to me, ſwete wozdes of her deſire
B. Suche chirping birdes who euer ſawe, to preach ſtill on one byire
A. She ſaied ſhe loued me beſte, and would doe till ſhe die,
B. She ſaied in wozdes, ſhe thought it not, as tyme doeth trie.
A. The moze is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine,
A. Who thought ſhe would flitt, *B.* eche one that hath witt.
A. Is not this ſtraunge, *B.* light loue will chaunge.

A. Can no man winne a woman ſo, to make her loue endure,
B. To make the Foze his wiles to leaue, what man will put in bze.
A. Why then there is no choice, but all women will chaunge,
B. As men doe vſe ſo, ſome women doe loue to raunge,
A. The moze is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine,
A. Who thought ſhe would flitt, *B.* eche one that hath witt:
A. Is not this ſtraunge, *B.* light loue will chaunge.

A. Sithe ſlipper gaine falles to my lot, farwell that glidyng praie
B. Sithe that the dice doeth runne awie, betimes leaue of thy plaie.
A. I will no moze lament, the thyng I maie not haue,
B. Then by exchaunge the loſſe to come, all ſhalt thou ſaue.
A. Loue will I refraine, *B.* thereby thou ſhalt gaine:
A. With loſſe I will leaue, *B.* ſhe will thee deceiue,
A. That is not ſtraunge, *B.* then let her raunge.

M. Edwards.

No paines comparable to his attempt.

WHat watche, what woe, what want, what wracke
Is due to thoſe that toyle the Seas:

Like

Life ledd with losse, of paines no lacke,
In stormes to winne, muche restlesse case.
A bedlesse boyde, in seas vnrest,
Maie happ to hym, that chaunseth best.

How sundrie sounds with lead and line,
Unto the depe, the shipman throwes:
No foote to spare, he cries oft tymes,
No nere, when how the master blowes.
If Neptune frown, all be vndoen,
Strait waie the shipp, the wrack hath won

These daungers greate doe oft befall,
On those that there vpon the sande:
Judge of their liues, the best who shall,
How vile it is, fewe vnderstande.
Alacke who then maie iudge, their game:
Not thei, whiche haue not felt the same.

But thei that fall in stormes and winde,
And daies and peres haue spent therein:
Suche well may iudge, since prose thei find
In rage, no rest, till calme begin.
No more then those, that loue doe faine,
Gine iudgement of true louers paine.

Finis. W. H.

No pleasure without some paine.

HOw can the tree but wast, and wither awaie,
That hath not sometyme comfort of the Sonne:
How can that flower but fade, and sone decaie,
That alwaies is with darke clouds ouer ronne.
Is this a life, naie death you maie it call,
That feeles eche paine, and knoweth no ioye at all.

What foodles beast can liue long in good plight,
Or is it life, where sences there be none:

But

Or what auaileth eyes without their light?
Or els a tonge, to hym that is alone.
Is this a life? naie death you maie it call,
That feeles eche paine, and knowes no ioye at all.

Whereto serue eares, if that there be no sounde,
Or suche a head, where no deuise doeth growe:
But all of plaints, since sorrowe is the grounde,
Whereby the harte doeth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life, naie death you maie it call,
That feeles eche paine, and knows no ioye at all.

Finis. L. Vaux.

¶ The fruites of famed frendes.

IN choise of frends what happy had I, to chuse one of *Cirenes* kinde, (blinde:
Whose harpe, whose pipe, whose melodie, could feede my eares & make me
Whose pleasant noise made me forget, that in sure trust was great deceit.

In trust I see is treason founde, and man to man deceitfull is,
And whereas Treasure doeth abounde, of flatterers there doe not misse:
Whose painted speache, and outward showe, doe seme as frends and be not so.

Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the Crokadill,
Whiche if a man a slepe maie see, with bloudy thirst desires to kill:
And then with teares a while gan wepe, the death of hym thus slaine a slepe.

O flatterer false, thou traitor borne, what mischief more might thou deuise,
Then thy deare frende, to haue in scorne, and hym to wounde in sondrie wise:
Whiche still a frende pretends to be, and art not so by proofe I se.
Fie fie, vpon suche trechery.

Finis. W. H.

Beyng importunate, at the length, he obtaineth.

A. SHall I no waie winne you, to graunt my desire?
B. What woman, will graunt you, the thyng you require:
A. You onely to loue me, is all that craue,

B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.
A. My deare alas now saie not so,
B. To loue you best, I must saie no:
A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt.
A. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrewe me than.

A. The swifter I followe, then you fly awaie,
B. Swift hauks in their fliyng, oft times misse their pray
A. Yet some killeth dedly, that flie to the marke:
B. You shall touche no feather thereof take no carke.
A. Yet hope shall further my desire,
B. You blowe the coales, and raise no fire.
A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt,
A. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrewe me than.

A. To loue is no daunger where true loue is ment,
B. I will loue no ranger, lest that I repent:
A. My loue is no ranger I make God auow,
B. To trust vnto smoth sayings, I sure knowe not how.
A. Moste truthe I meane, as tyme shall well trie,
B. No truthe in men, I oft espie.
A Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt.
A. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not *B.* I will not:
A. Make me your man, *B* Beshrewe me than.

A Some women maie saie naie, and meane loue moste true,
B. Some women can make fools, of as wise men as you,
A. In tyme I shall catche you, I knowe when and where:
B. I will sone dispatche you, you shall not come there.
A. Some speds at length, that oft haue mist,
B. I am well armed, come when you list.
A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt.
A. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrewe me than.

A. Yet worke your kinde kindly graunt me loue for loue,
B. I will vse you frendly, as I shall you proue:
A. Nowe close you shall finde me, I this doe protest,
B. Then sure you shall binde me, to graunt your request.
A. O happie threde now haue I sponne,
B. You sing before the conquest wonne.
A. Why then, will you swarue, *B.* euen as you deserue:
A. Loue still, *B.* I will, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* come to me than.

Finis. M. B.

¶ Requiryng the fauour of his loue: She aunswereth thus.

M. What death maie be, compared to loue?
H. What grief therein, now doest thou proue?
M. My paines alas who can expresse,
H. I see no cause of heauinesse.
M. My Ladies looks, my wo hath wrought:
H. Then blame thyne eyes that first haue sought,
M. I burne alas, and blowe the fire,
H. A foole consumes by his desire,
M. What shall I do than? *H.* come out and thou can.
H. Alas I die, *M.* what remedie?

M. My sugred sweete, is mixed with gall,
H. Thy Ladie can not doe with all:
M The more I seeke, the lesse I finde,
H. Then striue not with the streame and winde.
M. Her must I loue, although I smarte,
H. With thy owne sworde, thou slaiest thy harte:
M. Suche pleasaunt baites, who can refraine,
H. Suche beats will sure brede the greate paine.
M. What shal I do than? *H.* Come out and thou can.
H. Alas I die, *M.* what remedie.

M. Yet golden beames, myne eyes doe daze,
H. Upon the Sonne thou maiest not gaze:
M. She might reward my cruell smarte,
H. She thinks thou bearest a fained harte.
M. She laughs to heare my wofull tries,
H. Forsake her then, in tyme be wise:
M. No no alas, that máie not bee,
H. No wise man then will pitie thee,
M. What shall I do than? *H.* come out and thou can.
M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

M. A liuyng death, loe thus I proue,
H. Suche are the fruts of froward loue:
M. O that I might her loue once againe,
H. Thy gaine would not, halfe quite the paine.
M. Her will I loue though she be coye,
H. A foole hym self will still anoye:
M. Who will not die for suche a one,
H. Be wise at length, let her alone:
M. I can not doe so, *H.* then be thy owne foe,
M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

Finis. E. S.

A louers ioye.

I Haue no ioye, but dreame of ioye, and ioye to thinke on ioye,
A ioye I withstoode, for to enioye, to finishe myne anoye:
I hate not without cause alas, yet loue I knowe not why,
I thought to hate, I can not hate, although that I should die.
A foe moste swete, a frende moste sower, I ioye for to embrace,
I hate the wrong, and not the wight, that wrkt my wofull case:
What thyng it is I knowe not I, but yet a thyng there is,
That in my fancie still perswads, there is no other blisse.
The ioyes of life, the pangs of death, it make me feele eche daie,
But life nor death, this humour can deuise to weare awaie.
Faine would I dye, but yet in death no hope I see remaines,

And

And shall I liue? since life I see, a sourse of sorie paines:
What is it then that I doe seke, what ioye would I aspire,
A thyng that is deuine belike, to high for mans desire.

Finis. FK.

¶ *The iudgement of desire.*

The liuely Larke did stretche her wyng,
The messenger of mornyng bright:
And with her cherefull voyce did syng,
The daies approche, dischargyng night.
When that Aurora blushyng redd,
Discride the gilt of Thetis bedd:
Laradon tan tan, Tedriton teight.

I went abroad to take the aire,
And in the meadds I mett a knight,
Clad in carnation colour faire,
I did salute the youthfull wight.
Of hym I did his name enquire,
He sight and saied, I am desire,
Laradon tan tan, Tedriton teight.

Desire I did desire to staie,
A while with hym I craued talke:
The courteous wight saied me no naie,
But hande in hande with me did walke.
Then in desire I askte againe,
What thing dio please, and what did pain
Laradon, tan, tan.

He smild and thus he answered me,
Desire can haue no greater paine:
Then for to see an other man,
The thyng desired to obtaine.
No ioye no greater to then this,

Then to inioye what others misse,
Laridon,tan,tan.

Finis. E.O.

¶ The complaint of a louer, wearyng Blacke and Tawnie.

A Croune of Bayes shall that man weare,
That triumphs ouer me:
For blacke and Tawnie will I weare,
Whiche mournyng colours be.

The more I folowed on, the more she fled awaie,
As *Daphne* did full long agone, *Apollos* wishfull praie:
The more my plaints resounde, the lesse she pities me,
The more I saught the lesse I founde, that myne she ment to be.

Melpomeney, alas with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng *bis* wo worthe on me forsaken man:
Then *Daphnes* baies shal that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For Blacke & Taunie will I weare, which monrnyng colours be.

Drowne me you tricklyng teares, you wailefull wights of woe,
Come help these hãds to rẽt my heares, my rufull happs to showe:
On whom the scorchyng flames of loue, doeth feede you se,
Ah a lalalantida my deare dame, hath thus tormented me.

Wherefore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng *Bis* wo worthe on me forsaken man:
Then *Daphnes* Baies shall that man weare, that triumps euer me
For Blacke & Taunie will I weare, which mourning colours be.

An Ancres life to leade, with nailes to scratche my graue,
Where earthly Wormes on me shall fede, is all the ioyes I craue:
And hid my self from shame, sith that myne eyes doe see,
Ah a alantida my deare dame, hath thus tormented me.

And

And all that present be, with dolefull tunes helpe than:
And syng *Bis* woe woythe on me, forsaken man.

Finis. E.O.

¶ *He complaineth thus.*

LO heare the man that must of loue complaine,
Lo heare that seas that feeles no kinde of blisse:
Lo here I seke for ioye, and finde but paine,
Lo what despite can greater be then this?
To freze to death, and stande yet by the fire,
And she that shonneth me moste, I doe desire.

L. But shall I speake alas, or shall I die,
A. By death no helpe, in speache some helpe doeth lie:
L. Then from that breast, remoue a Marble minde,
A. As I see cause, so are ye like to finde.
L. I yelde my self, what would you more of me,
A. You yelde, but for to winne and conquer me,
L. Saue and kill not madame,
A. Forsake your sute for shame,
No no no no, not so.

O happie man, now haunt thy self,
That hath this conquest gainde:
And now doeth liue in greate delight,
That was so lately painde.
Triumph, triumph, triumph, wholouers be
Thyse happie is that woyng,
That is not long a doyng,
Triumph, triumph, triumph, that hath like victorie.

Finis.

Findyng

¶ *Findyng no relief, he complaineth thus.*

IN quest of my relief I finde distresse,
In recompence of loue, moste depe disdaine:
My langour is suche, wordes maie not expresse,
A shower of teares, my watrishe eye doeth raine.
I dreame of this, and doe deuine of wo,
I wander in the thoughts, of my swete so.

I would no peace, the cause of warre I flie,
I hope, I feare I burne, I chill in froste:
I lye alowe, yet mounts my minde on hie,
Thus doubtfull stormes, my troubled thoughts haue toste,
And for my paine, this pleasure doe I proue.
I hate my self, and pine in others loue.

The worlde I graspe, yet holde I nought at all,
At libertie, I seme in prison pent:
I taste the swete, more louer then bitter gall,
My shipp semes sounde, and yet her ribbs be rent.
And out alas, on Fortune false I crie,
Looke what I craue, that still she doeth denie.

Bothe life and death, be equall vnto me,
I doe desire to die, yet craue I life,
My witts with sondrie thoughts doe disagre,
My self am with my self at mortall strife.
As warmth of sonne doeth melte the siluer Snowe,
The heate of loue, beholde consumes me so.

Finis. R. H.

¶ *Beyng in loue, he complaineth.*

WHat dome is, this I faine would knowe,
That demeth all by contraries:
What God, or whether height or lowe,
Now would I learne some warrantise.
Some saie the blinded God aboue,

Is he that wooɔketh all by loue:
But he that ſtirreth ſtrife, the truthe to tell,
I alwaies feele, but knowe not well.

Some ſaie *Alecto* with her mates,
Are thei whiche bɔeedeth all anoye:
Who ſitts like Haggs in helliſhe gates,
And ſeeks ſtill whom thei maie deſtroye.
Some ſaie againe, tis deſtinie,
But how it comes, oɔ what it is,
I let it paſſe, beforɔe I miſſe.

Deſpite doeth alwaies woɔke my wo,
And happ as yet holds hardly ſtill:
Foɔ feare I ſet my frendſhipp ſo,
And thinke againe to reape good will.
I doe but ſtriue againſt the winde,
Foɔ moɔe I ſeeke, the leſſe I finde:
And where I ſeeke moſte foɔ to pleaſe,
There finde I alwaies my deſeaſe.

And thus I loue, and doe reape ſtill,
Nothyng but hate foɔ my good will.

Finis. L. V.

A louer diſdained, complaineth.

IF euer man had loue to dearly bought,
Lo I am he that plaies within her maɔe:
And finds no waie, to get the ſame I ſought,
But as the Dere are dɔiuen vnto the gaɔe.
And to augment the griefe of my deſire,
Wy ſelf to burne, I blowe the fire:
But ſhall I come ny you,
Of foɔſe I muſt flie you.

What death alas, maie be compared to this,
I plaie within the maze of my swete foe:
And when I would of her but craue a kis,
Disdaine enforceth her awaie to goe.
My self I check: yet doe I twiste the twine,
The pleasure hers, the paine is myne,
But shall I come ny you,
Of force I must flie you.

You courtly wights, that wants your pleasant choise,
Lende me a flood of teares, to waile my chaunce:
Happie are thei in loue, that can reioyse,
To their greate paines, where fortune doeth aduaunce
But sith my sute alas, can not preuaile,
Full fraight with care, in grief still will I waile:
Sith you will needs flie me,
I maie not come ny you.

Finis. L. V.

¶ Beyng in loue, he complaineth.

IF care or skill, could conquere vaine desire,
Or reasons raines, my strong affection staie:
Then should my sights, to quiet breast retire,
And shunne suche signes, as secret thoughts bewraie.
Uncomely loue, whiche now lurks in my breast,
Should cease my grief, through wildõs power oppresst

But who can leaue, to looke on *Venus* face:
Or yeldeth not, to *Iunos* high estate:
What witt so wise, as giues not *Pallas* place,
These vertues rare, eche Gods did yelde amate.
Saue her alone, who yet on yearth doeth reigne,
Whose beauties stryng, no Gods can well destraine.

What worldly wight, can hope for heauenly hire,
When onely sights, must make his secret mone:

Silent

A ſilent ſute, doeth ſelde to Grace aſpire,
My haples happe, doeth role to reſtles ſtone,
Yet *Phebe* faire, diſdainde the heauens aboue,
To ioye on yearth, her poore *Endimions* loue.

Rare is reward, where none can iuſtly craue,
For chaunce is choiſe, where reaſon maks no claime:
Yet lucke ſometymes, diſpairyng ſouls doeth ſaue,
A happie ſtarre made *Giges* ioye attaine.
A ſlauiſhe Smith, of rude and raſcall race,
Founde meanes in tyme, to gaine a Goddes grace.

Then loftie Loue, thy ſacred ſailes aduaunce,
My ſithyng ſeas, ſhall flowe with ſtreames of teares:
Amidds diſdaine, driue forthe my dolefull chaunce,
A valiaunt minde, no deadly daunger feares.
Who loues alofte, and ſetts his harte on hie,
Deſerues no paine, though he doe pine and die.

Finis. M.B.

A louer reiected, complaineth.

The tricklyng teares, that fales along my cheeks,
The ſecret ſighs, that ſhowes my inward grief:
The preſent paines perforce, that loue aye ſeeks,
Bidds me renew, my cares without reliefe,
In wofull ſong in dole diſplaie,
My penſiue harte for to bewraie.

Bewraie thy griefe, thou wofull harte with ſpeede,
Reſigne thy voyce, to her that cauſde thy woe:
With irkſome cries, bewaile thy late doen deede,
For ſhe thou loueſt, is ſure thy mortall foe.
And helpe for thee, there is none ſure,
But ſtill in paine, thou muſt endure.

The striken Deare hath helpe, to heale his wounde,
The haggerd hauke, with toile is made full tame:
The strongest tower, the Canon laies on grounde,
The wisest witt, that euer had the fame.
Was thrall to Loue, by *Cupids* sleights,
Then waie my case with equall waights.

She is my ioye, she is my care and wo,
She is my paine, she is my ease therefore:
She is my death, she is my life also,
She is my salue, she is my wounded sore.
In fine, she hath the hande and knife,
That maie bothe saue, and ende my life.

And shal I liue on yearth to be her thral?
And shall I sue, and serue her all in vaine?
And kisse the stepps, that she letts fall,
And shall I praie the gods, to kepe the pain
From her, that is so cruell still?
No, no, on her worke all your will.

And let her feele the power of all your might,
And let her haue her moste desire with speede:
And let her pine awaie, bothe daie and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her neede.
And let all those, that shall her se,
Dispise her state, and pitie me.

Finis. E. O.

¶ Not attainyng to his desire, he complaineth.

I Am not as seme to bee,
Nor when I smile, I am not glad:
A thrall although you count me free,
I moste in mirthe, moste pensiue sadd.
I smile to shade my bitter spighe,
As Hanniball that sawe in sighte:

His

His countrey ſoile, with Carthage toune:
By Romaine force, defaced doune.

And *Cæſar* that preſented was,
With noble *Pompeyes* princely hedd,
As twere ſome iudge, to rule the caſe,
A floud of teares, he ſemde to shedd.
Although in deede, it ſprong of ioye.
Yet others thought it was annoye:
Thus contraries be vſed I finde,
Of wiſe to cloke the couert minde.

I *Haniball* that ſmiles for griefe,
And let you *Cæſars* teares ſuffice:
The one that laughs at his miſchiefe,
The other all for ioye that cries.
I ſmile to ſee me ſcorned ſo,
You wepe for ioye, to ſee me wo:
And I a harte by loue ſlaine dead,
Preſents in place of *Pompeyes* head.

O cruell happ, and harde eſtate,
That forceth me to loue my foe:
Accurſed be ſo foule a fate,
My choiſe for to profire it ſo.
So long to fight with ſecret ſore,
And finde no ſecret ſalue therefore:
Some purge their paine, by plaint I finde,
But I in vaine doe breathe my winde.

Finis. E. O.

¶ *His mynde not quietly ſetled, he writeth this.*

EVen as the wax doeth melt, or dewe conſume awaie,
Before ỳ Sonne, ſo I behold through careful thoughts decaie:
For my beſt lucke leads me, to ſuche ſiniſter ſtate,

That I doe waſt with others loue, that hath my ſelf in hate.
And he that beats the buſhe, the wiſhed birde not getts,
But ſuche I ſee as ſitteth ſtill, and holds the fowlyng netts.

The Drone more honie ſucks, that laboureth not at all,
Then doeth the Bee, to whoſe moſt pain, leaſt pleaſure doth befall:
The Gardner ſowes the ſeeds, whereof the flowers doe growe,
And others yet doe gather them, that tooke leſſe paine I knowe.
So I the pleaſaunt graye haue pulled from the Vine,
And yet I languiſh in greate thirſt, while others drinke the wine.

Thus like a wofull wight, I woue my webb of woe,
The more I would wede out my cares, the more thei ſeme to grow
The whiche betokeneth hope, forſaken is of me,
That with the carefull culuer climes, the worne & withered tree.
To entertaine my thoughts, and there my happe to mone,
That neuer am leſſe idle lee, then when I am alone.

Finis. E. O.

¶ *Of the mightie power of Loue.*

My meanyng is to worke, what wondes loue hath wrought,
Wherwith I muſe why mē of wit, haue loue ſo derely bought:
For loue is worſe then hate, and eke more harme hath doen,
Record I take of thoſe that rede, of Paris Priams ſonne.

It ſemed the God of ſlepe had mazed ſo muche his witts,
When he refuſed witt for loue, whiche cometh but by fitts:
But why accuſe I hym, whom yearth hath couered long,
There be of his poſteritie aliue, I doe hym wrong.

Whom I might well condempne, to be a cruell iudge:
Unto my ſelf who hath the crime, in others that I grudge.

Finis. E. O.

Beyng

¶ *Beyng disdained, he complaineth.*

IF frendlesse faithe, if giltlesse thought maie shield,
If simple truthe that neuer ment to swerue:
If dere desire accepted frute doe yield,
If greedie lust in loyall life doe serue.
Then maie my plaint bewaile my heauie harme:
That sekyng calme, haue stombled on the storme.

My wonted cheare, ecclipsed by the cloude,
Of deepe disdaine, through errour of reporte:
If wearie woe enwrapped in thy shroude,
Lies slaine by tonge of the vnfrendly sorte.
Yet heauen and yearth, and all that nature wrought:
I call to bowe of my vnspotted thought.

No shade I seke in parte, to shilde my taint,
But simple truthe, I hunt no other sute:
On that I gape, the issue of my plaint,
If that I quaile, let iustice me confute.
If that my place, emongs the giltles sort,
Repaie by dome, my name and good report.

Goe heauie verse, persue desired grace,
Where pittie shrinde in cell of secret brest:
Awaits my hast, the rightfull lott to place,
And lothes to see, the giltles man opprest.
Whose vertues great, haue crouned her more with fame,
Then kyngly state, though largely shine the same.

Finis. L. Vaux.

¶ *Of the meane estate.*

THe higher that the Ceder tree, vnder the heauens doe growe,
The more in danger is the top, when sturdie winds gan blowe.
Who iudges then in princely throne, to be deuoide of hate,
Doeth not yet knowe, what heapes of ill, lies hid in suche estate.

Suche

Suche dangers greate, suche gripes of minde, suche toile doe thei sustaine,
That oftentimes, of God thei wishe, to be vnkyngde againe.

For as the huge & mightie rocks, withstande the ragyng seas,
So kyngdoms in subiection be, whereas daine Fortune please:
Of brittle ioye, of smilyng cheare, of honie mixt with gall,
Allotted is to euery Prince, in fredome to be thrall.
What watches longe, what strepps vnsure, what greefes and cares of minde:
What bitter broiles, what endles toiles, to kyngdoms be assingde.

The subiect then maie well compare w prince for pleasant daies,
Whose silent might bryngs quiet rest, whose might no stormе bewraies:
How muche be we, then bounde to God, who suche prouision maks
To laye our cares vpon the Prince thus doeth he for our saks.
To hym therefore, let vs lift vp our harts, and praie a maine:
That euery Prince that he hath plast, maie long in quiet raigne.

Finis. L. V.

¶ *Of a contented mynde.*

WHen all is doen and saied, in the ende thus shall you finde,
The moste of all doeth bathe in blisse, that hath a quiet minde:
And clere from worldly cares, to deame can be content,
The sweetest tyme, in all his life, in thinkyng to be spent.

The bodie subiect is, to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of mishapps, is casuall euery hower:
And death in tyme doeth chaunge it to a clodde of claye,
When as the mynde whiche is deuine, runnes neuer to decaie.

Companion none is like, vnto the mynde alone,
For many haue been harmde by speache, through thinking fewe or none:
Fewe oftentymes restraineth words, but maks not thoughts to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill, when for to holde his peace.

Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsmen at the graue,
But vertues of the mynde, vnto the heauens with vs we haue:

Wherefore

Wherefore for vertues sake, I can be well content,
The sweetest tyme of all my life, to deme in thinkyng spent.

Finis. L. Vaux.

¶ *Trie before you trust.*

TO counsell my estate, abandonde to the spoile,
Of forged frendes whose grosest fraude, it set with finest foile.
To verifie true dealyng wights, whose trust no treason dreads,
And all to deare thacquaintance be, of suche moste harmfull heads.
I am aduised thus, who so doeth frende, frende so,
As though to morrowe next he feared, for to become a foe.

To haue a fained frende, no perill like I finde,
Oft fleryng face maie mantell best, a mischief in the mynde:
A paire of angels eares, oft tymes doeth hide a serpents harte,
Under whose gripes who so doeth come, to late cõplaines ẏ smart.
Wherefore I doe aduise, who so doeth frende frende soe,
As though to morrowe next, he should become a mortall foe.

Refuse respectyng frends, that courtly knowe to faine,
For gold that winnes for gold, shall lose, the self same frend againe:
The Quaile needs neuer feare, in foulers netts to fall,
If he would neuer bende his eare, to listen to his call.
Therefore trust not to sone, but when you frende frende soe,
As though to morrowe next, ye feard for to become a foe.

Finis. L. Vaux.

¶ *He renounceth all the affectes of loue.*

LIke as the Harte that lifteth vp his eares,
To heare the hounds, that hath hym in the chase:
Doeth cast the winde, in daungers and in feares,
With fliyng foote, to passe awaie apace.
So must I fly of loue the vaine pursute,
Whereof the gaine is lesser then the friute.

And I also must lothe those learyng looks,
Where loue doeth lurke still with a subtill slaight:
With painted mocks, and inward hidden hooks,
To trapp by trust, that lieth not in waite.
The ende whereof, assaie it who so shall,
Is sugred smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I also must flie suche Sirian songs,
Wherewith that Circes, Ulisses did enchaunt:
These wilie Watts I meane, with filed tongs,
That harts of steele, haue power to daunt,
Who so as hauke, that stoppeth to their call,
For moste desart, receiueth least of all.

But woe to me that first beheldе those eyes,
The trapp wherein I saie, that I was tane:
An outward salue, whiche inward me destroies,
Whereto I runne, as Ratt vnto her bane.
As to the fishe, sometyme it doeth befall,
That with the baite, doeth swallowe hooke and all.

Within my breast, wherewith I daiely fedd,
The vaine repast of amorous hot desire:
With loytryng lust, so long that hath me fedd,
Till he hath brought me to the flampng fire.
In tyme at Phenix ends her care and carks,
I make the fire, and burne my self with sparks.

Finis. L. Vaux.

¶ Beyng in sorrowe he complaineth.

MIstrust mislemes amisse, whereby displeasure growes,
And time delaied, finds frēds afraied, their faith for to disclose:
Suspect that breede the thought, and thought to sighes conuarte,
And sighs haue sought a floud of teares, wher sobbs do seke ỹ hart.

Thus

Thus harte that meanes no harme, muſt feede on ſorrowes all,
Untill ſuche tyme as pleaſeth the iudge, the truth in queſtion call:
Though cauſe of greate miſtruſt, before that iudge appeare,
My truthe and mercie of my iudge, I truſt ſhall ſet me cleare.

Report theſe rimes at large, my truthe for to detecte,
Yet truthe in tyme ſhall trie it ſelf, and driue awaie ſuſpecte:
Beleue not euery ſpeache nor ſpeake not all you heare,
For truthe and mercie of the iudge, I truſt ſhall ſet me cleare.

Finis. L. V.

¶ Beyng in loue, he complaineth.

ENforſt by loue and feare, to pleaſe and not offende,
Within the words you would me write, a meſſage muſt I ſende:
A wofull errande ſure a wretched man muſt write,
A wretched tale, a wofull head, beſemeth to endite.

For what can he but waile, that hath but all he would.
And yet that all, is nought at all, but lacke of all he ſhould:
But lacke of all his minde: what can be greater greif,
That haue ✠ lacke that likes him beſt, muſt neds be moſt miſchief.

Now foole what maks thee waile, yet ſome might ſaie full well
That haſt no harme but of thy ſelf, as thou thy ſelf canſt tell:
To whom I aunſwere thus, ſince all my harmes doe growe,
Upon my ſelf, ſo of my ſelf, ſome happ maie come I trowe.

And ſince I ſee bothe happ, and harme betids to me,
For preſent woe, my after bliſſe, will make me not forget thee:
Who hath a field of golde, and maie not come therein,
Muſt liue in hope till he haue forſe, his treaſure well to winne.

Whoſe ioyes by hope of dreade, to conquere or to loſe,
So greate a wealth doeth riſe, and for example doeth diſcloſe:
To winne the golden fleſe, ſtoode Jaſon not in drede,
Till that Medeas hope of helpe, did giue hym hope to ſpede.

Yet sure his minde was muche and yet his feare the more,
That hath no happ but by your helpe, maie happ for to restore:
The ragyng Bulls he dread, yet by his Ladies charme,
He knewe it might be brought to passe, they could doe little harme.

Unto whose grace yelde he, as I doe offer me,
Into your hands to haue his happ, not like hym for to be:
But as kyng Priamus did binde hym to the will.
Of Cressed false whiche hym forsooke, with Diomede to spill.

So I to you commende my faithe, and eke my ioye,
I hope you will not be so false, as Cressed was to Troye:
For if I be vntrue, her Lazares death I wishe,
And eke to thee if I be false, her clapper and her dishe.

Finis. R. L.

I Beyng in trouble, he writeth thus.

IN terrours trapp with thraldome thrust,
Their thornie thoughts to tast and trie:
In conscience cleare from case vniust,
With carpyng cares did call and crie.
And saied O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Thus tremblyng there with teares I trodd.
To totter tide in truthes defence:
With sighes and sobbs, I saied O God,
Let right not haue this recompence.
Lest that my foes might laugh to see,
That thou wouldest not deliuer me. *Bis.*

My soule then to repentaunce ranne,
My ragged clothes berent and torne:
And did bewaile the losse it wanne,
With lothsome life so long forlorne.
And saied O God yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Then

Then comfort came with clothes of ioye
Whose semes were faithfull stedfastnesse:
And did bedecke that naked boye,
Whiche erst was full of wretchednesse.
And saied be glad for God is he,
That shortly will deliuer thee. B ij.

Finis. T. M.

¶ Beyng troubled in mynde he writeth as followeth.

The bitter sweate that straines my yelded harte,
The careless count, that doeth the same embrace:
The doubtfull hope, to reape my due desarte,
The pensiue path, that guids my restlesse race.
Are at suche warre within my wounded brest,
As doeth bereue my ioye and eke my rest.

My greedie will, that seks the golden gaine,
My luckles lot, doeth alwaie take in worthe:
My mated mynde, that dredes my sutes in vaine,
My piteous plaint, doeth helpe for to set forthe.
So that betwene twoo waues of ragyng seas,
I driue my daies in troubles and desease.

My wofull eyes doe take their chiefe delight,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasaunt maze:
My hidden harmes that growe in me by sight,
With pinyng paines doe driue me from the gaze.
And to my hope I reape no other hire,
But burne my self, and I to blowe the fire.

Finis. I. H.

¶ Looke or you leape.

If thou in suertie safe wilt sitte,
If thou delight at rest to dwell:
Spende no more words then shall seme fitt,

Let tonge in silence talke expell.
In all thyngs that thou seest men bent,
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

In worldly works degrees are three,
Makers, doers, and lookers on:
The lookers on haue libertie,
Bothe the others to iudge vpon.
Wherefore in all, as men are bent,
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The makers oft are in fault founde,
The doers doubt of praise or shame:
The lookers on finde surest grounde,
Thei haue the fruite, yet free from blame.
This doeth persuade in all here ment,
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The prouerbe is not South and West,
Whiche hath be saied, long tyme agoe:
Of little medlyng cometh rest,
The busie man neuer wanteth woe.
The best waie is in all worlds sent,
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

Finis. Iasper Haywood.

¶ He bewaileth his mishappe.

IN wretched state alas I rewe my life,
Whose sorrowes rage torments with deadly paine:
In drowned eyes, beholde my teares be rife,
In doubtfull state, a wretche I must remaine,
You wofull wights enured to like distresse,
Bewaile with me my wofull heauinesse.

What stonie harte suche hardnes can retaine,
That sharpe remorse, no rest can finde therein:

What

What ruthleſſe eyes ſo careleſſe can remaine,
That daiely teares maie pitie winne.
For right I ſeeke, and yet renewe my ſore,
Vouchſalfe at length my ſaftie to reſtore.

My loue is loſt, woe worthe in woe I dye,
Diſdainfull harte doeth worke ſuche hatefull ſpite:
In loſſe of loue a wretche muſt ioye to dye,
For life is death, now hope is baniſht quite.
O death approche bereue my life from me,
Why ſhould I liue oppreſt with woe to be.

Finis. R. H.

¶ *The complaint of a Synner.*

O Heauenly God, O Father dere, caſt doune thy tender eye,
Upon a wretche that proſtrate here, before thy trone doeth lye:
O powre thy precious oyle of grace, into my wounded harte,
O let the droppes of mercie ſwage, the rigour of my ſmarte.

My fainting ſoule ſuppreſſed ſore, with carefull clogge of ſinne,
In humble ſort ſubmitts it ſelf, thy mercie for to winne:
Graunt mercie then O ſauiour ſwete, to me moſte wofull thrall,
Whoſe mornfull crie to thee O Lorde, doeth ſtill for mercie call.

Thy bleſſed will I haue deſpiſed, vpon a ſtubborne minde:
And to the ſwaie of worldly thyngs, my ſelf I haue enclinde:
Forgettyng heauen, & heauēly powers, where God and ſaincts do dwel
My life had likt to tread the path, ẏ leads the waie to hell.

But now my lorde, my lode ſtarre bright I will no more doe ſo:
To thinke vpon my former life, my harte doeth melt for woe.
Alas I ſigh, alas I ſobbe, alas I doe repent:
That euer my licencious will, ſo wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore with ẏernfull plain, I doe thy mercie craue
O Lorde for thy greate mercies ſake, let me thy mercie haue:
Reſtore to life the wretched ſoule, that els is like to dye,
So ſhall my voyce vnto thy name, ſyng praiſe eternally.

Now

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
And blessed be the holie Ghoste, by whom all thyngs are doen:
Blesse me O blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
That after death my soule maie haue, in heauen a dwellyng place.

Finis. F. K.

¶ The fruite, that sprynges from wilfull wites, is ruthe, and ruins rage:
And sure what heedelesse youth committes, repentaunce rues in age.

I Rage in restlesse ruthe, and ruins rule my daies,
I rue (to late) my rechlesse youthe, by rules of reasons waies:
I ran so long a race, in searche of surest waie,
That leasure learnde me tread the trace, that led to leud decaie.
I gaue so large a raine, to vnrestrained bitt,
That now with proofe of after paine, I waile my want of witt:
I trifeled forthe the tyme, with trust to self conceiptes,
Whilst pleties vse prickt forth my prime, to search for sugred baites.
Wherein once learnde to finde, I founde so sweete a taste,
That dewe foresight of after speede, self will estemed waste.
Whiche will, through wilfulnesse, hath wrought my witlesse fall,
And heedelesse youthes vnskilfulnesse, hath lapt my life in thrall.
Whereby by proofe I knowe, that pleasure breedeth paine,
And he that euill seede doeth sowe, euill frute must reape againe.
Let suche therefore, whose yonth, and purses are in Prime,
Foresee & shun, the helpelesse ruthe, whiche sews misspence of time.
For want is nexte to waste, and shame doeth synne ensue,
Euil speding proofe hath heedeles hast, my self hath proued it true.
When neighbours next house burnes, tis tyme thereof take hede,
For fortunes whele hath choise of turnes, which change of chāses breds.
My saile hath been aloft, though now I beare but lowe,
Who clims to high selde falleth soft, dedit ebbe hath highest flowe.

Finis. q. Vloop.

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